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“WHY Henry Ford Should Not Be President, by Oswald Garrison Villard. In the current issue of *The Nation*. For sale by all Newsdealers”—so ran an advertisement which appeared in the *New York World* and the *New York Globe*. We offered the same copy to the *Detroit News*. Its New York representative replied:

The *Detroit News*, in acknowledging receipt of your order and copy for three-inch advertisement, express their regret at not being able to accept it and ask me to advise you.

Thereupon we telegraphed to the *Detroit Free Press*, offering it the same advertisement, but with twice as much space and with these additional sentences: “The above advertisement was also offered the *Detroit News* and was refused. Read this article and find out what the *News* did not want the citizens of Detroit to read.” Two days later the *Free Press* replied by telegram “Henry Ford copy not acceptable.” If Upton Sinclair should bring out a new edition of “The Brass Check” while Henry Ford is running for President as the candidate of the downtrodden and oppressed, the spokesman for free speech and a free press, “the man who beat Wall Street,” he might include this note on the freedom of the press in Ford’s home town.

ON March 3 Poincaré was quoted as saying that the French Government counted on Germany’s surrender by May 15. On March 8 General Degoutte announced that the blockade of the Ruhr would “begin shortly to bear

fruit.” On March 9 Paris dispatches reported that “Poincaré gave the impression that he expected the Germans to move for negotiations *before* May 15.” On March 27 Poincaré triumphantly announced that Germany would “yield by the end of May.” Well, May has come and gone and we are well into June, and these are but a few evidences of the total failure of the French to understand the psychology or spirit of the men they are trampling under foot so ruthlessly, and additional proof of the incredibly wild miscalculations of Poincaré and his advisers from the beginning of their criminal adventure in the Ruhr, which Poincaré, it will be recalled, first announced to the world as “a mission of technical engineers and a few soldiers.” The few soldiers have grown to an army of 100,000; the technical engineers have achieved nothing; France is poorer in money, materials, coal, and international good-will than when she entered the Ruhr—and the end is not yet. Only in one respect have the French triumphed. The mark stood at 290 to the dollar a year ago; today it is at 73,000—lower than the Polish mark and the Austrian krone—and is headed straight for the position of the ruble.

POOR, bleeding France, which cannot pay its debts to England or the United States, has just scraped together a paltry hundred million francs to lend Rumania, apparently for the purchase of munitions in France. The memory of the 400 million francs recently lent Poland is still green, and we should not be surprised to hear of a loan to Czecho-Slovakia following Marshal Foch’s triumphal tour of the new empire which France is building with her francs and her soldiers in mid-eastern Europe. Yet the French, while forging a huger military machine than Europe ever knew before the war, still talk of their need of “security”! Meanwhile Poincaré’s support at home shows signs of disintegration. His young Royalist allies, banded together as the “camelots du roi,” have adopted Fascist tactics on the streets of Paris, forcing castor oil down the throat of a pacifist Catholic deputy and pouring ink over a Radical ex-minister and his wife. This has stirred many of Poincaré’s supporters into open disapproval of the government’s leniency to the rioters of the Right while persecuting the Left. In the Ruhr, of course, the roles are reversed. There the French soldiers have stood idly by and cheerfully watched the Communist rioting. There is evidence that they have even subsidized German Communist agitators. We suspect that their passivity would turn to sudden action if the Monarchists won the upper hand in the Ruhr. The German Government is in an impossible position. Inevitably, when the mark emulates the downward plunge of the ruble, prices rise more rapidly than wages and riotous discontent follows. The Government, allied with the big industrialists, has to bear the blame.

GOVERNOR SMITH’S signing of the bill to repeal the Mullan-Gage prohibition-enforcement law in New York State was in accord with his personal belief and he was able to point to the great majority which elected him on a platform calling for the repeal as justification for his

decision. It may cost him dear politically, for the bulk of the population of New York State outside of the cities favors prohibition. He knew the cost, and accepted the risk. But, as he warned the wets, his act does not end prohibition in New York. It merely saddles upon the Federal Government greater responsibility for the enforcement of the prohibition amendment. That this enforcement has largely failed is true, but that failure is to be attributed neither wholly to an adverse public opinion nor to the impracticability of genuine enforcement. The truth is that Federal enforcement reeks with insincerity and hypocrisy from start to finish, from the White House down. Just as long as the highest officials continue to keep and use liquors the lower officials will wink at violations or become *particeps criminis*. All of which only makes us desire all the more a popular referendum on the whole question to determine whether, as we believe, the bulk of the people really are on the side of prohibition.

WITH one fell swoop the Supreme Court has wiped out the twenty-one laws passed by State legislatures in the middle of the war forbidding the teaching of German. This decision is rightly based on the ground that to forbid the learning of any tongue is an infringement upon personal liberty. Three such statutes the Supreme Court directly passed upon—those of Nebraska, Iowa, and Ohio. The first of these was so sweeping that under it Marshal Foch would have had to be arrested should he have spoken publicly in French in the city of Omaha, the aim being to stop the use of all languages but English. What could be more absurd? Some of these statutes would have barred Latin and Greek at commencement exercises, and if Massachusetts had yielded to this bit of war hysteria would have effectively banned the public exhibitions of the Cercle Français at Harvard University as well as speeches in Italian and Spanish. From this ghastly bit of war hysteria and unutterably smug provincialism the Supreme Court has fortunately saved us. Repealed, we are convinced, these laws would have been eventually, but at an enormous cost of money and labor which the Supreme Court has rendered unnecessary. The tongues of all the world are the heritage of a common humanity; each enriches its possessor more than any specific piece of knowledge which he may learn in any of them.

FOR brazen propaganda and deliberate official effort to influence public opinion by a carefully prepared and entirely biased press yarn, commend us to the Navy Department's publication on May 27 of a long story to the effect that the battleship is holding its own against the airplane and is still the backbone of sea-power. This statement, supported by quotations from three admirals, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, and Secretary Denby, is a deliberate attempt to offset the facts as to the development of aerial warfare, such as the Navy Department has itself brought out by its experiments upon the surrendered German battleships and in other ways. It is flying in the face of the most enlightened and progressive naval opinion the world over. It ignores the lessons of the war in which the British battle fleet hid in a harbor except for one or two forays. It endeavors to turn back the hands of time, precisely as the Navy Department always has set its face against new inventions and new types of fighting machines. There is no mind quite as fossilized as that of the naval

bureaucrat, and in this case this policy, which will be resented by the progressive officers in the navy, is on its face a deliberate slap at the policy of the Administration as laid down in the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. In that the country agreed to limit its battleship construction for ten years; why should the Navy Department now advocate more battleships? Is that not disloyalty and insubordination to its Commander-in-Chief?

MASSACHUSETTS has a voluntary minimum-wage law of a type the constitutionality of which has never hitherto been questioned. In the women's clothing industry, for instance, an occupational wage board consisting of six representatives of employers in the industry, six representatives of the employees, and three of the public, last year unanimously fixed \$14 as the minimum wage for experienced women workers. Enforcement of such a minimum wage cannot be compelled, but the commission has the right to advertise the names of employers who refuse to abide by it. One firm, L. P. Hollander, of Boston, refused. The commission vainly endeavored to persuade it to comply. Finally an advertisement announcing Hollander's refusal was offered to the Boston papers. One paper, the *Transcript*, flatly refused to print it. The fact that Hollander advertises in the *Transcript* may not be without significance, but the *Boston Globe* and other papers which are also in the market for advertising loyally printed the State's advertisement. Perhaps these other papers had read the text of the law, which imposes a fine of not less than one hundred dollars upon any newspaper refusing or neglecting to publish the findings, decrees, or notices of the commission. The attorney general of Massachusetts has already begun proceedings against the *Transcript*. Perhaps the buyers of Boston will find a way to express their opinion of a firm which considers \$14 a week too much to pay its experienced workers.

A TRADITION, if it is of the right sort, has value. The rank and file Baptist is quite as conservative as his Presbyterian brother but he has a tradition against a rigid creed and for the independence of the local church. That fact, aided perhaps by a general dislike of the manners of certain fundamentalist leaders, gave the liberals a decided victory in the recent Baptist convention. Even more significant of liberalism than the convention's refusal to interfere in the Fosdick case was its positive action in releasing the University of Chicago from the obligation to choose a Baptist as president and reducing the required proportion of Baptist trustees. It is worth notice that victories for liberalism are confined to Northern denominations. Southern Baptists would not countenance Dr. Fosdick and Southern Presbyterians look with suspicion even on the presidency of Philadelphia. It is this suspicion of doctrinal heterodoxy which has perpetuated among Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians the division of the Civil War.

IN announcing an essay contest for public-school children the American Legion is returning to its assumption—so much in evidence a few years ago—that it is a part of the government of the United States. The Legion says that "all essays must be received at a place designated by the county superintendent of schools," who is asked to select three judges to pick out the best manuscript submitted. The State superintendent or school commissioner in each

State will then "be asked to select three judges for their State" to whom the winning essays in the various counties will be turned over. Finally, the "national winners" will be selected by persons "whose names will be announced later." But even worse than all this is the subject chosen: Why America Should Prohibit Immigration for Five Years. Note that school children are not invited to choose their side of the question, as in a debate. They are simply told to argue for a bit of prearranged propaganda. We hope that school officers generally will refuse to let the American Legion "horn in" in this vicious and presumptuous way.

SOMEHOW the music of the pine forest and the pounding of the surf seem to drift through the office window with the city dust in this hot weather, and the mind wanders. It is hard to realize that the struggle in the Ruhr is bitterer than ever and that the need of Europe's children is as keen as in less exhausting seasons. Berlin, for instance, receives less than a third as much milk as before the war—and the school doctors note the difference. The schoolboys average nine pounds underweight and three inches under size—the girls only a trifle less. The Quakers report the need still keen in Russia. Yet the relief societies know that every summer there is a sharp falling off in American giving. We ought not to be so busy playing and dreaming and talking about Ford that children's homes have to be closed and babies to go milkless.

JUNE is the month of graduations and valedictories. Packed in suffocating halls and subjected to still more suffocating oratory, thousands of young men and women are going out from hundreds of schools with hopes and enthusiasms which neither torrid weather nor bombastic addresses can lessen—yet. In spite of the fun that is traditionally poked at the June graduate, there is nothing so thrilling in all the universe as this annual release of youth into what we like to call "the work of the world." Our good wishes and our sympathetic interest follow all these graduates, most of all perhaps the fifteen constituting the first class to leave Brookwood, at Katonah, New York. There are many schools and classes supplying technical and cultural education for workers under labor-union control, but Brookwood is unique in this country as a college for training young men and women for leadership and professional service in the labor-union movement. Of all the thousands graduating in this year 1923, none have greater opportunities ahead than the fifteen from Brookwood.

AT the annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists there was shown a canvas called "The Miracle of Cana." The picture represented Jesus as having just turned the water into wine, and Messrs. W. J. Bryan, Anderson, and Volstead pouring out the wine with every evidence of disapproval of both the wine and its maker. The painting was, to be sure, no masterpiece. But it had, as Mr. George Bellows points out, a perfectly legitimate caricature idea behind its indifferent execution. The picture, however, offended the partisans of the political gentlemen portrayed, the matter was brought before the courts, and Justices Daniel F. Murphy and Henry W. Herbert—Justice Clarence Edwards dissented—imposed a fine on the secretary of the society for exhibiting the picture. What for? That is the interesting question. Since the painting was perfectly moral and could not possibly be accused of advo-

cating the overthrow of the government by violence, there remains but one ground for the decision of the court. We are entering a period in which the crime of *lèse majesté* is being introduced in America. And how majestic are the gentlemen whose opinions and actions must not be the subjects of jest or criticism: Bryan, Anderson, Volstead. It is specious and absurd to argue that the painting wounded religious sensibilities. No, it wounded the sacrosanct sensibilities of Anti-Saloon Leaguers.

"UNIVERSAL AUNTS, LTD."—it sounds like the name of a Theater Guild play, doesn't it? But it is not. It is the legal designation of a group of London women who have come together to fill a long-felt want. They are duly incorporated to "undertake shopping for people in the country, to fill last-minute vacancies at dinner parties, to show visitors around town, to meet children passing through London," and otherwise to fulfil social functions and needs of various and pressing kinds. Well, if we were going to London this summer we are sure that we should apply for a Universal Aunt, Limited, by cable in advance—but one not too limited, we trust, as to good looks and general attractiveness. With her to help us we should dare cheerfully the traffic in the Strand and explore the wilds of Whitechapel, and motor confidently from Land's End to John o' Groats. Yes, we should even venture to take the "tube" to Hampstead or to Golder's Green without fear of landing in Liverpool or of having to call on the police or telephone to the American Consul for a rescue party. In return we should be only too happy to oblige her and the other Universal Aunts—spectacled, becaped in dingy black though *they* may be—by filling last-minute vacancies in any dinner parties they might offer us, and we should cheerfully agree to entertain and to thrill the company with cowboy and Indian yarns to make a Cooper envious. There is only one drawback we can see—the prospectus gives us no hint that such a Universal Aunt as rises before our mind's eye will take a contract to see us through London by the year or by the decade. Of this only are we sure—by no other name could any guide appear as sweet.

TWO men have just died who at one time bade fair to rank high in the Democratic Party. Claude Kitchin represented well, and in accordance with the best American traditions, a safe North Carolina constituency which stuck by him through thick and thin, as when he opposed preparedness. That he was privately utterly opposed to our entering the war is probably beyond dispute. As Democratic leader in the House he showed courage and ability as well as genuine devotion to principle. Unfortunately, ill health overtook him and a stroke of apoplexy practically terminated the promise of his earlier years and reduced him to semi-invalidism. Joseph W. Folk, whose success, as circuit attorney in St. Louis, in prosecuting bootleggers led to his election as Governor of Missouri in 1904, early announced his candidacy for the Presidency—in vain. His rapid rise and his battle for civic righteousness thrilled people far beyond the confines of his State, but when he ventured into the field of national and international questions his ineptitude and lack of adequate training asserted themselves. It is not always enough for a public man to have good intentions, a pure purpose, and high ambitions—yet, as the advocates of Henry Ford's election prove, America has still to learn that lesson.

How Universities Die

THERE is a kind of dry rot in many American universities which is slowly gnawing at the heart of our academic system. Now and then, in isolated outbursts of academic dictatorship, it reveals itself to the public eye. Usually the process of debasing the intellectual level, of catering to the wealthy trustee rather than to truth regardless where truth may lead, is so slow and so subtle that neither the university trustees, the president, the faculty, the students, nor the outside world are fully aware of it. The prophet of evil who points to the process of degradation is regarded as a grumbler who makes mountains of mole-hills. Seldom does the process go so far or become so public as it has at Clark University.

The Clark University of President G. Stanley Hall is dead. In its place is a geographical institute for high-school teachers. We have in the past called attention to the degeneration of this university under President Wallace Walter Atwood, co-author of the Frye-Atwood school geographies. The Boston *Transcript* has just published a series of amazing statements by professors who are leaving Clark. Professor Hankins, who has gone to Smith College, bewails the "gradual destruction of the spirit of free intellectual activity which had characterized the institution" and deplores President Atwood's "mentality . . . wholly foreign to the atmosphere of research and free intellectual inquiry." "His administrative conduct has been such as to undermine the morale of the faculty and destroy that of the student body" says Harry Elmer Barnes, retiring professor of history; and Professor Kimball Young, of the department of psychology, reveals that

of the following departments which Clark had when the present administration began—chemistry, education, biology, physics, history, sociology, experimental psychology, non-experimental psychology, and mathematics, *all but chemistry, history, and education* have gone in the past three years. Geography has been added. President Atwood himself said it was very unlikely that graduate work in education would be continued. . . .

Only President Atwood's own department of geography seems to have come through his administration uninjured. Indeed, the *Transcript* gives a summary indicating that while the faculty of all other departments combined is today eleven men less than three years ago, five men have been added to that one department. President Atwood's defense is that "the policy is for concentration. No attempt will be made to open departments which cannot be properly manned and financed." Clark will, in other words, cease to be a university; it will, he comes very near to saying, become an institute of commercial geography, to train efficient drummers for American foreign trade.

This is indeed an academic tragedy. That Clark University was founded primarily for graduate work and research by an old carriage-maker who despised the big business men of Worcester whose successors now rule his university adds a piquant touch of irony to the story. The recent suicide of Professor Arthur Gordon Webster, head of Clark's department of physics, which is attributed by members of his family to Dr. Atwood's treatment of him, adds a personal touch to the academic tragedy.

Conditions at Clark are not likely to be duplicated elsewhere. Seldom is one man given the power to tear down so great a tradition as was Clark's. But there is enough of

general import in the situation at Clark to make the collapse of that university cause for thought and concern elsewhere. Two recent cases are in point. Henry S. Dulaney, president of the board of trustees of Goucher College, Baltimore, and director of various large chemical, financial, and other corporations in Baltimore, has just resigned his position on the board because the president of the college refused to dismiss an instructor of biblical literature. According to the New York *Evening Post* Mr. Dulaney declared that "he had no objection to the teaching of evolution in the scientific and historical departments of the college but reiterated previous statements that he opposed its teaching in biblical courses"—a curious example of a naive intellectual dualism. For the present we congratulate President Guth, himself an ordained Methodist clergyman, for refusing to permit his trustees to dictate the content of instruction at the college; but we fear for Goucher's future. Virtue is not its own reward in the academic world, and the Dulaney's often have power to affect the income of a college in a very impressive fashion.

The other case is that of the University of Illinois. Some time ago President James selected Allene Gregory Allen, daughter of the first president of that university, John Milton Gregory, to write her father's biography. On the eve of publication of the book by the university press Mrs. Allen withdrew it, stating:

The book is a record not only of his personality but of the educational principles on which he founded this university, principles so fundamental that no institution can violate them without becoming a menace to the moral and intellectual integrity and hence to the future citizenship of the students intrusted to it. . . . It is now my duty to declare that those principles are flagrantly and continually violated by certain administrative officers who have come into power. . . .

Mrs. Allen protests against a system of spies underhandedly organized by the dean of men, and used by the president, to watch both students and faculty members. She fears that Illinois too will see an exodus of professors.

The evil goes deeper than the individuals involved. It cuts to the very root of American university life. Are our colleges mere social institutions to inculcate like-mindedness? Are our universities to be regarded as the property of the wealthy men upon their boards of trustees and of the administrators whom they name as presidents, or do they belong, in a larger sense, to the graduates and to the faculty members who carry on the tradition of learning and of pursuit of truth? The issue breaks out in a hundred different forms. Sometimes it is the decay of learning, as at Clark; sometimes the freedom of the teacher, as at Goucher; sometimes it is the freedom of the students to express themselves, as at Michigan and Wisconsin and California; sometimes it is the open door and equal treatment of students of all races and all classes, as recently at Harvard. The magnificent revolt of the faculty and graduates which put an end to President Lowell's plans to limit Jews and segregate Negroes at Harvard is encouragement and inspiration for others to follow. Even there eternal vigilance is necessary. Only if the professors, graduates, and students realize the danger, and *care*, can the American universities be saved. The bricks and stone will remain, as at Clark; but what are they when the soul is gone?

Between Bandits and Diplomats

THE Powers have been insistent that China should suppress her bandits. But when these outlaws kidnap a few foreigners for the purpose of blackmailing Chinese authorities, the Powers insist that the Government capitulate to the bandits. With such cooperation the bandit industry promises to enjoy a boom. Such a situation invites Chinese desperadoes to use the legations as pawns.

Assembled at Washington, the friendly Powers asked that China disband her excessive "private armies." The most offending force was the 200,000 "Red Beards" of Chang Tso-lin, ex-brigand dictator of the Three Eastern Provinces (Manchuria), quartered around Peking for the purpose of maintaining a premier who was disloyal to Chinese interests abroad. Advising disbandment at that juncture might have been likened to counseling mice to bell the cat. However, popular indignation gave Wu Pei-fu, Chang's rival, his chance to attack this force, capture and disband 30,000 of them, and drive the rest north.

But a portion of the disbanded troops, natives of Shantung, judged the carbine a more congenial implement than the hoe and joined bandit gangs. They procured arms stolen by White Russians (with the cognizance of Japanese military officers) from the stock left in Vladivostok by the United States Army. Then on May 6, finding itself hard pressed by the forces of the governor, one of the bandit gangs kidnapped a party of foreigners from a train in Shantung. Colonel Hou Feng-lin, the pursuing Chinese commander, had them surrounded within a few hours. He stated to a newspaperman that had he been allowed to close in at once, offering the outlaws amnesty in exchange for their hostages, or decapitation upon capture, the affair would have been settled with dispatch.

Instead, the diplomats compelled accession to the bandits' demand for halting the pursuit. The bandits who lately might have been glad to escape with their lives began to realize the unlimited possibilities of extortion through foreign pressure on the Chinese Government. They are making new demands. Taking their cue from the foreign ministers, they profess utter distrust of Peking. They ask America, England, and France to enforce and guarantee their modest demand for the surrender of the government and people of the province of Shantung, in return for the release of fifteen foreign captives! The bandits also demand admission to the army. The Powers that recommended disbandment of Chinese armies are to compel the recruiting of two brigades of cut-throats; the nations that saved Shantung from Japan are to deliver it to outlaws.

Suppose the Chinese Government should step aside and invite the Powers to deal directly with the bandits. Would they consider such impudent demands as they are asking Peking to accept? Would a bandit regime thus established in Shantung be enabled to maintain itself indefinitely, relying on foreign good faith or fears for the safety of alien residents? The policy of the Powers is giving the lawless elements a leverage for uprooting what remains of order and government in China.

What if a party of Chinese, British, and French travelers were being held for ransom somewhere in the mountains by a gang of Americans of the type that averages one bank robbed per day in some of the United States, and the American Government were asked under threat of pro-

gressive indemnity to handle the matter on the system being required of China? In America the processes of law are held superior to individual interest, native or foreign. In China the Powers insist that the alien is sacrosanct.

Other nations are allowed to sow the wild oats of a transitional period—but the regime which the Powers call the "Government of China" is expected never for a moment to deviate from the ideal of orderliness and virtue. Aliens must be protected in unrestricted travel, bandits or no bandits, under pain of indemnity. Bandits must be suppressed—but paid blackmail if they kidnap an alien.

There is no strong anti-foreign feeling now in China, but irritation at what seems unreasonable alien interference is becoming discernible. It may grow. The great nations are feeling the old temptation to substitute their own tyranny for the autocracy of throne and mandarin which they partly helped to overthrow or for the semi-anarchy which is often an inevitable stage in democratic development. A regime of absolute force seems to promise a short-cut to order. Do the Powers realize that they, who cannot manage their own affairs cooperatively, are by their policy tending to assume the gigantic task of policing and administering the affairs of a fifth of the human race? Will they not pause to think of the resentment that would surely rise against alien rule? They say they want a strong, democratic, native government in China. But to get this they must allow leeway for it to be organized; they must stop the policy of undercutting Chinese authority at home in behalf of every passing foreign interest and temporary exigency that may arise. China has a strong basis of democratic control in the old order of the guilds and village communes. It has an individual crime record far below that of the United States. With proper treatment China could produce a new but excellent type of national democracy. Will she be allowed to?

The Passing of the *Globe*

THE sale of the New York *Globe* to Frank A. Munsey is nothing less than a journalistic tragedy. As he has destroyed so many others, this merchant of newspapers ruthlessly ended the existence of what was not only the oldest daily in New York, but also the most liberal, the most interesting, and the newsiest of its evening papers. Mr. Munsey made no bones about his motive and offered no apology whatever. With crass brutality he turned the workers of the *Globe* into the street with two weeks' pay, and then explained to the public with complete frankness the commercial character of this act. He declared that newspaper-making had become so costly that "only the big newspapers can keep up the pace and give the public what the public demands and has a right to expect. The same law of economics applies in the newspaper business that operates in all important businesses today. Small units in any line are no longer competitive factors in industry, in transportation, in commerce, in merchandising, and in banking." Not one word, be it noticed, about journalistic ideals, or public service, or the nobility of a great profession—just the cold-blooded business view of a man who sees in his ventures only the making of dollars.

Nothing has illustrated more strikingly the commercialization of the press and its downward trend; not even the recent suppression by their contemporaries of two of the

Pittsburgh papers. The impression made upon New York by this blotting out of the *Globe*, following Mr. Munsey's destruction of the old *Herald* and *Sun* (though he retains their names), proves that at last this development is beginning to stir the public. Mr. Munsey is, of course, right in saying that all newspapers are engaged in a ceaseless struggle against rising costs, which means intense effort to increase the readership in order to win more and more advertising. In that effort for greater circulation ideals are thrown overboard. Every newspaper which runs its circulation up toward the half-million mark makes more difficult the lot of those with lesser circulation. Hence the tendency toward consolidation the country over has been marked and is increasing rather than decreasing. Many cities now have only a single daily in the morning field; Chicago has but two where once were six or eight; and the process of amalgamation is encouraged by large advertisers who wish to cut their advertising expenditures and do not care if the decrease of the press is a blow at democracy. It inevitably limits the presentation of varying public opinions and of different news standards, and democracy can exist only if there is an intelligent understanding and discussion of economic and political problems.

Obviously, if this drift continues the day will come when in our large cities there will be but one morning and one evening daily; in other words, there will be created further genuine monopolies in the field of journalism. What opportunities for dominating public opinion this will provide for Hearsts and Northcliffes and Munseys is perfectly obvious. That there will be a revolt against this trend is inevitable. Popularly owned and non-profit-making dailies must arise if our liberties are to be preserved. The *Globe's* liberalism was sometimes halting and inconsistent, as when it said recently that the French invasion of the Ruhr was "remarkably innocent." None the less, after the *World* the *Globe* was the most valuable paper for the liberal cause in New York, and Mr. Munsey's act, even if it be good business—which we doubt, for amalgamation does not necessarily mean that the swallowing paper annexes its rival's advertising or circulation—is a civic crime.

The Unhappy Good

IN a hundred years it will be as though these things had not happened. The human spirit has, after all, a way of marching on. "Clean Book" leagues will not stop the development of literature; fines and imprisonments will not stop dramatists from depicting human life as the spirit that is forever free moves them to depict it, nor will men and women be kept from seeing the plays that please or exalt them. The theory of evolution has really nothing to fear from Mr. Bryan and the noise and anger of the fundamentalists will soon be "with yesterday's sev'n thousand years." Truth ultimately wins its way; you cannot beat beauty in the end. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum."

There is a meantime—a long meantime. And during that period we may wonder at the strange ways of people. There is a little gospel mission around the corner. In front of it, before service time, stands the leader in the coolness of the dusk. He has a New Testament in his hand and his finger is in the book, marking, for all we know, the Beatitudes. You look at him. It is not a happy face that you see; it has no peace in it. It is a belligerent yet defeated face, a

repressed and half-angry face, a determined face, almost an embittered one. The man is so busy being right that he never thinks of being happy, so busy being moral that he quite forgets the duty to be good. If we did not fear the imputation of discourtesy we could mention the names of many mighty crusaders in all the causes of "thou shalt not do what I cannot or dare not do," and show the likeness of those faces and the spirits behind those faces to the face and spirit of the leader of the mission around the corner.

There was Miss Ford, the daughter of the now famous justice. They sent her a book by D. H. Lawrence and that book did not please her; it brought a blush to her cheek. Very well. But it never occurred to her that there might be people in the world to whom that book might give a high and enlarging pleasure; it never occurred to her that those people had as much right to their pleasure as she had to her blush. So instead of quietly sending the book back for those people to read and getting for herself a nice story by Zane Grey, she aroused her father to a state of mind that is increasing the sum of useless folly in the world. People have so little humility, so little goodness. They are so terribly in the right, so rancorously moral. To be saved by them is a proceeding that no person with any kindness or any spirit could endure.

In some little town or big town of this strange and wonderful country there was recently organized an anti-flirting league and its leaders were duly depicted in the rotogravure supplements of the Sunday papers. These ladies and gentlemen were determined that there should be no shy endearments in public parks, no good-night kisses in doorways under the moon, no gazing or touching of hands. They were very stern-looking ladies and gentlemen. We cannot in honesty say that they looked either kind or handsome. We were immensely sure that they didn't flirt with each other and that no one had any designs upon their ferocious delicacy in the matter. The photographs may have done them wrong. But they looked as dour as dungeons and as moral as masonry.

Such has never been the aspect of the great saints or sages who have really bettered the world. It was said of St. Francis that he had the quality of *cortesía*, by which his contemporaries and disciples meant a courtesy of the heart, a profound gentleness, a manly sweetness. Nor is it related of Spinoza that he was noisy in dispute and hoped for a time when his great doctrines would be forced upon others by law. The great truthseekers have always had too much faith in the triumph of truth, the great exemplars of goodness too high a belief in its native and unborrowed persuasiveness to make shrill noises or futile laws or drag their fellows either away from their natural pleasures or to some prison for the body or the mind. Yes, the saints and sages always had the notes of tolerance and gentleness and goodness of heart. Well, that is a lesson which our angry and busy reformers will not learn. Were they capable of learning it they would not be what they are. But when one is tempted to be annoyed by their antics one cannot do better than meditate on the characters and methods of those whose thoughts and teachings have really affected human life. For when one does that, one knows that these reformers are not to be feared; they are rather to be pitied; for it is not comfortable to desire to use force where force is futile and to be self-righteous and right and moral and baffled by what, in such a state of the mind, one must necessarily consider the terrible wickedness of a sunless world.

La Follette's Hat

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

MANY hats of various designs are in the presidential ring. There is the broad-rimmed fedora of Hiram Johnson, blown by Western breezes and flapping defiance at all foreigners. There is the Palm Beach and Riviera straw of Ralston of Indiana, blown by the breezes of all seas and cheerfully anticipating the concurrence of all continents. There is the combination top-piece of Warren Gamaliel Harding, its straw crown proclaiming the advent of the world sun but its fedora brim carefully keeping all excess of foreign sunlight from the wearer's eyes. There is also the helmet of Battling Bob, the Wisconsin Woe.

From sixteen out of the twenty-two sovereign States which lie between the Pacific Ocean on the West and the Great Lakes and the lower Mississippi River on the East there are Governors or United States Senators, Republican or Democratic or Farmer-Laborite, who have joined the La Follette "Progressive Group" at Washington or who attended the La Follette Railroad Valuation Conference at Chicago. William Jennings Bryan came to Chicago as the official representative of his brother the Governor of Nebraska. Mr. Bryan's speech was in effect a summary of the railroad valuation ironies of our times. Years ago, when prices of labor and of material were low, Mr. Bryan urged the United States Supreme Court to value the railroads on the basis of their "*reproduction cost*." Today, when the prices of labor and of material are high, the Chicago Conference urges the United States Supreme Court to value the railroads on the basis of their "*original cost*."

Mr. Bryan was embarrassed. La Follette, the bookworm, was not. Years ago, in tubs of midnight oil and from mountains of statistical dust, La Follette had foreseen this day. Our federal valuation law was framed by him. It was passed in 1913. It orders the Interstate Commerce Commission to value the railroads in several ways. It mentions the way of "*reproduction cost*." Yes. But which way does it mention first? Why, "*original cost*," of course. Secure thus in past fortune, La Follette now proceeds to reap its present harvest. Value the railroads—and also the gas companies and all our other local public utilities by "*original cost*"! Value them also by present "*reproduction cost*"! The difference today is billions upon billions. The difference in annual rates to the public is hundreds of millions. La Follette stands forth the champion of that "*saving*." He makes it the corner-stone of his activities in the "Progressive Group." He does so—I calculate—for two extremely good reasons. First, there is no other corner-stone of such precious and costly and shining material. Second, there is no other corner-stone possible at all. On no other basis could there be a broad union of "Progressives."

Tariff? La Follette is against a soaring tariff. Senators Capper and Ladd and McNary, all members of the La Follette "Progressive Group," have been earnest legislative laborers in causing the tariff to soar. Foreign affairs? La Follette is against the League and its Court. Governor Sweet of Colorado, who enthusiastically was present in the conference at Chicago, appointed Alva Adams to be United States Senator from Colorado in strong approval of the

favor which Mr. Adams extends to the League and its Court.

A La Follette "Progressive" Party today would be as contradictory within itself as the Republican Party or the Democratic Party. La Follette with unerring weathered political judgment has founded his movement essentially and practically not on a philosophy but on a subject. On that subject he moves toward uniting two strong forces: the Western farmers who peculiarly suffer from high freight rates and the railroad trade unionists who are alienated from the railroad managers and who wish to humble them. The Chicago Conference was a conference really of Western agriculture and of railroad labor.

An extremely conservative but extremely down-on-the-ground Democratic Senator, looking at La Follette in the Senate lobby not long ago, remarked: "There sits a man who embodies the feelings of at least 25 per cent of our population. His effort will be to put that 25 per cent in such a strategic position that it can push and press the remaining 75 per cent."

In 1924 the La Follette strategy may have its greatest opportunity and its greatest influence to date. Imagine in 1924 a Democratic Party which will carry New York and New Jersey and Indiana and the Border South in addition to the Solid South and Arizona. It is a prospect which can be imagined easily and reasonably. Imagine then a Republican Party which will carry New England and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Michigan and Illinois and the Pacific Slope, and which then will turn to look back at the States which so far in this calculation have not been described or mentioned.

The Republican Party will need every one of those States in order to get a majority in the electoral college. Among them there is Colorado, now Democratic, with a Governor who associates himself in numerous economic matters with La Follette; Idaho, now confidently claimed for next year by the new "Progressive" Party which highly esteems La Follette; Kansas, now showing a Democratic Governor who signs his name to manifestos with La Follette; Minnesota, where La Follette helped a Farmer-Laborite to beat a Republican last year for the United States Senate; Montana, where both the Republican Governor and the newly elected Democratic Senator have cooperated in certain matters with the La Follette "Progressive Group"; Nebraska, where the Democratic Governor and the newly elected Republican Senator owe their places to the elements which have La Follette for their chief hero; North Dakota, which is for La Follette even when, because of administrative scandals, it is not for the Nonpartisan League; South Dakota, where a combination of the pro-La Follette "Nonpartisan League Party" with the Democrats would be a majority; Wyoming, where a Democratic Governor sends himself to be a delegate to the La Follette Chicago Conference; Iowa, with Brookhart in it; and Wisconsin, with La Follette all over it.

La Follette's hat is not at present the hat of a rider to the White House. It is the hat of an assembler of strategic forces which may be able to oblige both parties to bargain with them on the strategic subject of railroads.

The State of Ireland

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

On May 28, after this article was written, the Free State Government made public a captured document by Eamon de Valera, calling upon his followers to lay down their arms. Mr. Nevinson's article contains an explanation of the tenacity with which Mr. de Valera's supporters kept up the struggle and a prediction of its impending collapse, which finally seems to have taken place.

London, May 19

YOU have often asked me to write to you about the present condition of Ireland, and I have taken it as a great compliment that you should. For I am proud of being one of the Englishmen who have followed Ireland's long struggle for liberty with intense sympathy, and have for the last thirty years done the utmost to further that cause. In so doing we have incurred violent unpopularity in our own country and considerable risks in Ireland from our country's authorities. For myself, my attachment to the Irish people has been passionate; Irishmen like Bernard Shaw would, no doubt, call it sentimental and excessive. I do not care in the least what they say. Ireland has for me possessed every claim for utter devotion—the beauty of the country, the charm of the people, their imaginative quality, and, perhaps above all, the shameful history of their oppression and persecution at the hands of England for so many centuries. For it was a history of almost unbroken wrong until at last Gladstone had the courage to attempt a reversal less than forty years ago. At moments of crisis I have visited Ireland repeatedly, and whenever I have watched her mountains rising from the sea as I approached her shores I have felt that I was going to my “spiritual home.” In no country in the world, not even in India or your own land, can I expect such a welcome as in Ireland, and it is my greatest pride to receive it. Year after year I have used what influence I have in the English press and literature to expose the mistakes or abominations of British rule in that country and to support the remedial measures that the Irish people demanded. I think my greatest service, such as it was, lay in going through the whole of the south and west during the worst period of the Black-and-Tan tyranny, investigating the truth of that hideous domination, characterizing the terror in terms that I considered just, and defying the perils with which I was openly threatened by Black-and-Tans and “Auxiliaries” alike.

I mention all this merely to show your readers that, so far as any Englishman can have a right to speak, I have it. On December 6, 1921, I was in Washington for the Conference, and I count that day the very happiest in all my life. For the news came that the treaty between Great Britain and Ireland had at last been signed. That treaty went far beyond the utmost hopes not merely of myself but of all the great Irish leaders, such as O'Connell, Parnell, John Dillon, John Redmond, and, I think, even such rebels as my friend Roger Casement, whom we hanged as a traitor, or my friend James Connolly, whom we shot, though he was wounded in open fight. When that news came I felt like the Psalmist singing “Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our heart with praise.” For I believed that

at last—at last after seven hundred years—the shame had been lifted from my country, and that as an Englishman I could now look the world in the face. An unendurable load had been removed from my conscience. It was a day of exalted rapture.

A few evenings later a ceremonial dinner was held in Washington to celebrate the triumph. Old Bourke Cockran, the veteran leader of Irish policy in that city, was in the chair, and the delegates from Ireland were present. I was the only Englishman invited. Points in the treaty were criticized, but all joyfully accepted it as a victory of freedom. But just as we were coming away a telegram from De Valera arrived denouncing it. That telegram was a shock to hope. It fell like snow in harvest. From that moment Ireland entered upon another distressful epoch in her distressful history.

It is easy to sympathize with the motives of the “Republicans” (call them “Irregulars” or what you will). Many of them, perhaps most, are inspired by a genuine and ancient ideal—the vindication of their country against her historic foe. Hatred of England is the mainspring of their rebellion against the government established by their own fellow-countrymen. Upon that traditional hatred they have been nurtured. They have imbibed it with their mothers' milk. The history of their country is its record and its source. It has become part of their very nature. They could not understand the world without it. Deprived of that hatred, what would life be worth? The causes of it seem antiquated in us, but to them they are always fresh. The causes may have faded long ago from the English mind, but the memory of all oppressed and harassed people is long, and the Irish have the longest memories in the world. That hatred has never surprised me. I have never wondered at it. What else could we English expect if we ever took the trouble to read any Irish history? But few among us ever do.

Impassioned by this hatred a large number of youths and girls, together with a few older men and women, have “taken to the hills” rather than abandon resistance to a government which they believe to be bound to England, armed by her, and subservient to that abomination (as they think it) the British Empire. These are the “idealists,” the visionaries, the worshipers of that Dark Rosaleen whose distressed and lovely form is so often almost visibly hovering before them as they roam over hills and through dales for her sake:

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate, white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.

It is the same inspiration of Mangan's great poem that urges them on, and so inspired they will confront any fate, any death. Against such spirit reason falls powerless, and promise of peace with prosperity becomes a mocking lure. Inflamed by that spirit many of my best Irish friends are now in prison, and many, like Erskine Childers, have suffered death. I know they are mistaken, but I honor them all the same. I know they are unreasonable, but I know

also that reason plays a very small part in anybody's action.

The imprisonment of such women as Mrs. O'Callaghan, widow of the Mayor of Limerick, who was murdered there during the Black-and-Tan occupation, or of Maud Gonne, for so many years the heroine of devoted Irish hearts, is to me terrible. The letters written by boys to their parents just before the executions are heartrending. So are the deaths on the field of true Irishmen like Liam Lynch on the one side and Michael Collins on the other. I am told that some thousands of the "Irregulars" are not idealists like these. They are young fellows who have taken up arms and gone to the hills merely for fun or robbery. I can well believe it. During the war emigration ceased and it has hardly begun again yet. There are now said to be 100,000 young men in Ireland unemployed, and at her best Ireland has never offered lucrative or comfortable employments to her sons. It is human nature (at all events it is Irish nature, and my nature!) to prefer wandering about the hills in bands, living like Robin Hood as one may, and having an occasional shot at "the enemy." Irish youths and girls take to the life naturally, and the last seven years have given them plenty of training in it. I take Easter week, 1916, as the real beginning of this piteous trouble. More than anything else the gradual and cold-blooded executions by the British Government at that time have stuck in the Irish soul. Even the recent executions carried out by the Free State Government, errors though I think they

were, do not rankle so deeply; for the Free State ministers are after all Irishmen, and there is the saying, "The worst Irishman is better than the best Englishman."

And so among the "Irregulars" one finds a combination of ancient idealism with a reckless enjoyment of adventure and dangerous life. Both appeal almost irresistibly to the Irish heart, and what has the Free State Government to set against them? It has "common sense," the chance of prosperity, a quiet life, education, culture, peace, and the pleasures of ordinary civilization. To nearly all people the appeal of those advantages is very strong indeed, but to the Irish nature they are not irresistible, nor even conclusive in argument. And yet I believe the enormous bulk of the Irish people sincerely desire to enjoy a spell of them now. To borrow Lord Rosebery's famous phrase, the country is rattling into barbarism, and the people are sick of it. One does not need to be a model of reason and good sense to feel indignant when two boys with revolvers come to your house and with or without warning burn it down. When you see the homes of men who have given all their lives to the service of Ireland, like Sir Horace Plunkett or Stephen Gwynn, treated thus and destroyed without defense or legal protection, you may begin to desire order and law and quietude, however commonplace such conditions may appear. That reaction is what I believe is happening in Ireland today, and I think it will soon prevail.

The Jew in the Theater

By THOMAS H. DICKINSON

DURING the season now drawing to a close something around 2,000 actors have been engaged in the various legitimate productions in the New York theater. Of these about 10 per cent have been Jews. The task of artistic direction has been in the hands of about twenty-five professional stage directors, of whom less than one-third are Jews. The original American plays produced would run to something more than sixty, of which about 40 per cent were written by Jews. The plays eventually produced were brought onto the stages of theaters considerably more than half of which are either owned or controlled by Jews. And when after a New York run these plays sought for booking on the road this was secured from organizations which were practically 100 per cent Jew.

If we take these figures and make a diagram of them the curve would run through actor, director, author, owner, national booking agent, beginning at 10 and rising toward 100 per cent, indicating a comparative neglect on the part of the Jew of the artistic in favor of the commercial factors of the theater.

Question: Do these figures, admitting that they are approximately true, give a faithful picture of the contribution of the Jew to the New York theater? Answer: They do not.

The American theater has during the last generation moved out of a state of personal management and control into a state of corporate management and control. In the process of change from the old individual to the new corporate organization the Jew has been an active agent. Indeed he has practically dominated the change and he dominates the corporate institution created as a result. It is

now about a quarter of a century since the first historic struggle between the syndicate and the independents. Another vaster syndicate has now appeared and the battles have all been won by the imperial armies. The furthest stretches of Gaul are now tributary to Rome. And in the high seat of the conqueror sits the Jew. If the interest of the Jew in the American theater had been limited to its reorganization and the subsequent assumption of control of its corporate factors then the solution of the problem would be clearly indicated, however difficult it might be to carry it out. It would be to drive from the theater the tax-gatherers and the takers of tolls and to turn the theater over to those who could treat it as a social institution and an artistic agency.

But the situation is not so simple as this. As a matter of fact the interest of the Jew in the theater is as widely scattered as is the interest of the population as a whole. The changes in theatrical organization above referred to were followed by a loosening and de-professionalizing of the entire structure of the theater. This resulted in opening doors to large numbers of new workers, actors, authors, artists, who had not before found a place in the theater. It is to these workers that the new art of the theater is due. They have recreated the theater as an artistic and social agency. Among these workers Jews have taken an important place.

Comparatively both to the total number of Jews and the total number of actors the number of Jewish actors is small. Among races the Jews came late into histrionic art; there is no classic tradition of drama among the Jews; acting to them is pioneering, not the treading of paths marked for

thousands of years. Moreover there still exists something of a prejudice against the Jewish actor unless he is a comedian holding up the traits of his tribe to laughter. Nevertheless, among the 10 per cent of Jews, more or less, on the American stage, there are to be counted not only some of the absolute leaders in the art of the theater as judged by any standard; there are to be counted a large percentage of those self-forgetful artists who surrender all to an elevated standard, and those artists who in their race theaters cling year after year to a common but unremunerative art endeavor. By and large it seems safe to say that the term "Jewish actor" connotes an artist engrossed in his art as such, expert in its practice, and ready to make substantial sacrifices to be permitted to practice it according to his ideals. Precisely the same thing may be said of the Jewish art director. If I were to name the most sensitive directors of plays in New York today a surprising proportion would be found to be Jews.

On the side of the playwright the situation is a little more complicated. The Jewish playwright has entered much more fully into the current of the American theater than has the Jewish actor. He has made himself master of the machine-made, sure-fire play, tending thus to a certain standardization in play construction. But the record of the Jew as author is not fairly represented until we count those efforts in genuine high comedy and in innovating art styles which have recently honored the pens of Jewish playwrights, and also those plays written for the narrow stages of the Yiddish theaters which have in their genre provided some of the truest compositions for the American stage. In the arts of the actor and author no history of the American theater will be complete which does not include the names of Kalich and Warfield, of the Schildkrauts, of Gordin, Asch, Elmer Rice, and Belasco.

When we come to consider the producing managers we reach a ground on which the Jew is apparently at the greatest advantage. It is probably true that the Jews among producing managers have a larger percentage of successes, that is of paying and long-run pieces, than the Christian managers. It might even be maintained that the Jews' supposed domination of the stage rises as much from the habit of producing successful plays as it does from his skill in handling financial details. After all, his financial skill would avail him little if he did not have a market for his wares.

Naturally every producer wants a success. He would not offer his play if he did not consider it worthy of success. But it cannot be shown that the Jewish manager is any more ready to "stoop to conquer" than is the Christian manager. As between the two groups of producers there is little choice on either the higher or lower registers. The Jewish managers produce many bad plays and some very good plays. The non-Jews do the same. If a difference lies anywhere I think it is that the Jewish producers have a little better gift in sensing the popular demand and a little more self-control in producing only those plays that satisfy this demand.

Taking the repertory of this season we find the following plays produced or sponsored by organizations entirely or largely controlled by Jews: "Kiki," "The Merchant of Venice," the plays of the Moscow Art Theater, the "Chauve Souris," "Whispering Wires," "R. U. R.," "Peer Gynt," "The Devil's Disciple," "The Fool," "The Last Warning," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rain," "Secrets," "Icebound."

The following plays were produced by Christian managers: "Loyalties," "Hamlet," "Six Characters in Search of an Author," "The World We Live In," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Rivals," "Seventh Heaven," "Will Shakespeare." From these lists which represent both the long runs and the significant productions of the season few conclusions can be drawn to the disadvantage of either group.

Of the Jews it may be said as of mankind in general that there is a great deal of human nature in them. It is difficult to find a rule of procedure which would cover the policy and tactics of a Belasco, a Shubert, an Al Woods, and a Morris Gest. The nearest that we can come to it is to say that they all hate failure and take extreme measures to avoid failure. The Shuberts and Woodses have standardized the business of theatrical amusement, their productions never vary far from those orders which they have learned will support their vast holdings or will please that large group of theater-goers they have attached to their standards. Belasco is a true theatrical artist of by no means narrow range but of an established method, who succeeds because he gives each production his personal and loving care. More the adventurer than any of these, Morris Gest is no whit a gambler. He will never throw the world away in a fine gesture in the name of art. In his extremest chances there is always a narrow but substantial margin of hope for an investment.

By itself the corporate control of the Shuberts is easy to understand. It was created by the application to the business of the theater of those qualities of thrift, enterprise, knowledge of the market, and ability to take advantage of the enthusiasms of your fellows that is the foundation of much banking success. If the present booking syndicate, so called, were to disappear another would arise, and, human nature being what it is, it would probably be in the hands of Jews. But the syndicate by no means covers the story of the American theater. How are we to explain those others, the Frohmans, the Belascos, the Gests, not to speak of the Selwyns, the Woodses, the Sam HARRISES, the Mindlin and Goldreyers, down to the latest recruit in the army of the white lights, unless we are to presume that the Jew in these days is displaying just that combination of artistic discrimination and initiative in organization, that skill in fusing the diverse elements of an intimate and sensitive art with the touch-and-go, devil-may-care adventure of the curb market that is necessary in creating the modern dramatic production? Certainly it seems to be true that in the Gentile the elements seem to flow all one way or all the other. Not lacking in organizing ability when it comes to railroads and manufacturing enterprises, the Christian does not seem to turn his abilities with the same success to enterprises of public art and amusement. The artists of the stage must realize their visions through many harsh concomitants, the unions which control actors, musicians, and stage hands, the financial backers, theater-owners, booking agents, hard-featured men all of them, as well as through men and women of temperament, the mazes of the publicity search, the baffling mystery of public taste. Without saying that the Gentile is disqualified for this task, or this combination of tasks, it is at any rate safe to say that many Jews are displaying an appetite for it.

The stage has passed out of the period in which it was a personal art. It has become a cooperative art handled by systems as rigorous and exact as those of the assembling room in a factory. It seems to be true that as far as one

can speak for the races at all the better class of Christian managers, as well as some of the older of the Jewish managers, still cling to the traditions of the theater as a personal thing. It is as yet too early to say what the verdict will be. Whether the white flame of an individual of genius can burn its way through the material and institutional and personal trammels that dog the path to creation in the theater, and overtop the effort of the guilds and groups operating by mass assault is under the present conditions questionable at least. Everything is possible to genius, else what is genius for? And yet for solid attainment, for the accomplishment of the task which most needs to be accomplished, the building in the midst of our society of a structure which takes its bone and sinew from that society, the cooperative effort of an organized group would offer the better hope. For my part I should prefer to go to the plays given by the genius on those rare occasions when his flame burns pure and hot enough, but I should expect to enter into the portals of the edifice built by the group year after year. It is my opinion that nothing in the recent American art of the theater has equaled for significance the contributions to production of Arthur Hopkins and the contribution to the gallery of American playwrights of the finished art of Eugene O'Neill, made by the Provincetown Players. Though Hopkins and the Provincetown Players have added luster to the history of the American stage they have not added institutions to the American stage. This the Jewish workers have done, not once but many times, employing for the purpose artistic resources of no mean order but by no means of that primary rank that elevates a work of genius above capable and sagacious labor.

It is in this matter of the institutionalizing of his theater that the Jew today apparently has all the advantage. A generation ago the Daly company and less than a generation ago the Manhattan company of Mr. and Mrs. Fiske carried on the fine old tradition of the institution of the American stage. Today this type of institution has disappeared. At the head of the present institutions of the theater there stands the corporate institution represented by the Shuberts; the existence of this institution, among other things, explains the impossibility of carrying on the older tradition of management. But it does not explain the fact that alone among the workers of the theater the Jews have approximated the standards of perpetuity, solidity, and taste of the older institutions.

So far I have purposely omitted reference to the experiments in a non-commercial art in New York City. It seemed to be proper to center attention first on the most difficult phases of theatrical activity, those in which the theater is called upon to support itself lavishly in the midst of an ever-changing market and under tremendous expense. A true understanding of the participation of the Jew in the New York theater cannot be gained until we consider him in his art enterprises. For here enters a factor to disturb the race-censor in all his easy preconceptions. Not only is the Jew showing that combination of qualities which is making him the master of the tactics and strategy of the commercial theater. He has to date taken the most effective steps toward a non-commercial art of the theater.

If in surveying the place of the Jew in the New York theater I view with alarm the control of a close corporation over the destinies of a hundred different producing managers I must conscientiously report the fact that the leading art theaters of the last ten years have been either quite

controlled by Jews or have derived so much of their support from Jews as in effect to owe their existence to them. I refer to the New Theater, the Washington Square Players, the Theater Guild, the Yiddish Art Theater, and the Neighborhood Playhouse. All the more stable of these institutions were founded mainly by Jews. By what means and for what reasons has this been the case? Certainly for our answer we must look beyond those well-known commercial qualities which are so generally ascribed to the Jew. All these theaters, by the conditions of their existence, practically deny profits.

Many factors both of a general and a particular nature enter into the consideration. Of the general factors I shall mention only one. This rests upon the race imaginativeness of the Jew, which is larger than the designs of any individual, a faith in the outgrowing of plans, if not in the hands of the original worker, then in the hands of some one associated with him as brother or disciple. A quality of this race imaginativeness is patience. It permits Jews to take actions which in other more individualistic workers would be pure gamble. It gives to every effort something of the support of implicit design. The action itself may look like a venture; it is in fact associated with a deep-lying sense of reality, the reality of race effort. There are different kinds of ventures; there are tentatives toward a new ordering, and there are ventures which seem to end in disorder, or in the mere accidents of progress. The history of the Jew in the new theatrical enterprises seems to display in him ample ability to work for an unselfish ideal combined with a very real vision of the ultimate order. His enterprises thus escape that wreckage that constitutes the last state of so many high flights. Of all sad wastes in the world the saddest is a wasted ideal.

With all the interests that tend to draw the Jews apart they still represent the solidest, most class-conscious group in the social body. This group has lately experienced in America an unparalleled release of activities. Not alone on account of latent qualities, but as well on account of what chemists call the *nascence* of his volatile forces the Jew is tending to take a leading part in public activities. With respect to the more innovating enterprises in the new institution of the theater this solidarity is displaying itself in two important directions. It is displaying itself in a cohesion of artistic effort among a great variety of artists. And it is displaying itself in that imaginative largess by which such enterprises are financially supported.

I am credibly informed that Gaius Maecenas was a Roman. I am quite certain that his modern counterpart is a Jew. Practically alone among Jews do you find that *magnificence* in giving which is of the essence of art patronage. If I were promoting a project for American art I should rather seek to secure the friendly ear of a banker of Hebrew worship than storm the bureaus that hedge the thrones of oil and steel.

Naturally these things are having an influence on American institutions of art. They are having a strong influence on our most advanced theaters, bending them more than slightly in an inclination unknown in America before; providing them at the same time a structure and a form in which stability and an adaptability to the American need seem to be the primary characteristics. Where so much smoke of incense is going up before the image of a free American theater surely fire will sometime be lighted on its altar.

These United States—XXXI*

IDAHO: A Remnant of the Old Frontier

By M. R. STONE

"GALLOP your horse," wrote Joaquin Miller, "as I have done hundreds of times, against the rising sun; as you climb the Sweet Water Mountains, far away to the right you will see the name of Idaho written on the mountain top—at least, you will see a peculiar and beautiful light at sunrise, a sort of diadem on two grand clusters of mountains that bear away to the clouds, fifty miles distant. I called Colonel Craig's attention to this peculiar and beautifully arched light. 'That,' said he, 'is what the Indians call E-dah-hoe, which means the light, or diadem, on the line of the mountains.'"

For all of Miller's romantic explanation of the origin of the name, the fact remains that the State of Colorado was originally called Idaho, and at a time years before the poet and his friend Colonel Craig, of Craig's Mountain, Nez Percé, rode together to Oro Fino. Whether or not the name may mean "the gem of the mountains" or "shining mountain" is difficult to establish; but such a definition must have appealed to the first settlers who were attracted to the State by the shining gems of the mountains—gems far more tangible and valuable to them than the sunlight on the crests.

The early history of the State is inextricably united with the gold discoveries of the sixties. This movement laid the foundation for one of the two traditions that to this day are largely instrumental in molding public opinion and character in the State. Gold was first discovered in the territory now known as Idaho in the bed of Canal Gulch, a tributary of Oro Fino Creek, in 1860. The following summer the banks of all the tributaries of the Clearwater were lined with the tents of thousands of prospectors. This was the first inrush of settlers into the hitherto uninhabited region embraced by the vast, sweeping bend of the Snake River. There followed, in rapid order, the strikes on Elk Creek; on the Salmon River, known as the Florence mines; and in the Boise Basin.

It was in 1862 that gold was first washed out from the gravel of Grimes Creek, a small stream in the basin. Today, at the foot of the low range of mountains that mark the southwestern rim of the basin, is the city of Boise. The census accredits it with twenty-odd thousand inhabitants. Sixty years ago it was a barren field of sage-brush bordering the willow-lined Boise (wooded) River. At that time the population of the basin was equal to that of the present city, while today there are not two thousand persons in the entire county that includes the site of the old mining camp.

It is difficult now, so far as any physical vestiges that remain, to reconstruct a picture of the teeming civilization that had its center in the Boise Basin over half a century ago. It is known that a stage made four trips a day between the busy mining centers in the basin and could not accommodate the passengers; that daily stage service was maintained with Umatilla, 285 miles away, at the head of navigation on the Columbia; that the main printing office ran day and night, for all that kerosene was nine dollars a gallon. The largest camp, Idaho City, possessed three thea-

ters: the Jenny Lind, the Forrest, and Kelly's Varieties. In the latter the musicians were placed on a suspended platform, swung above the heads of the patrons, so as to be out of the line of fire.

Mining still is one of the leading industries of the State. Some of the largest lead and zinc and copper producers in the nation are located in Idaho, and there has recently been uncovered what promises to be one of the largest copper deposits in the world. The vast interior of the State, remote from any railroad, is an immense reservoir of mineral wealth. This fact more than anything else tends to prolong the pioneer spirit in the citizens of the State. But many of the renowned old mines have played out. Of these, the ones around Silver City, in the Owyhee Mountains—still preserving the original spelling of Hawaii, O-why-hee, in honor of some Kanakas engaged in the early workings—were, perhaps, the most famous.

The State today possesses little that is tangible to remind the observer of their existence, and yet their romance and glamor still colors local thought and action. It is a tradition of easy-won wealth, of native riches respondent to the luck of the prospector, of a democracy based, not upon work or merit or power, but upon the impartiality of chance. This legend of placer gold has preserved the gambler's spirit, which is not as reprehensible a characteristic as may be imagined, especially when there are difficult things to be undertaken in the face of heavy odds. The willingness to take a chance, coupled with its corollary, the appreciation that tomorrow your poorest neighbor may be a man of wealth, is a great preservative of sincere democracy.

With the decay of the first mining impulse there came the era of the sheep and cattle man—the days of the rustlers and vigilantes. The vast, dusty ranges were dotted with thousands of heads of live stock. The water holes were claimed and counter-claimed, guarded and worked as fervently as ever the mines. This was a transitory era, soon to be followed by the period of the homesteader. There is an element of tragedy in the story of this valiant but visionary newcomer, living in squalor but in high hopes on his barren tract of land. The conquest of the desert was a cruel, hard fight; if not long in years, interminable in the number of human lives and hopes sacrificed.

The present green and fertile fields, the scene of so much hopeful industry, are actually battlefields, as grim and merciless in their memories as those of Europe. To them came men in the full tide of youth and hope and inspiration. There they staked their all; fought the sage-brush and alkali, the indifference of politicians, the hunger of poverty, and the bitter remorse of failure. Generation after generation they moved westward from the fecund East. Wave after wave lost and passed away. Stalwart men had their hopes turn to mock them; faithful wives watched their children grow up in poverty and denial. But as the defeated ones dropped out others took their places. Neither disappointment, nor failure, nor hardship deterred them. Prolific nature threw new lives into the battle and gradually the fight was won. The desert has disappeared. Nothing

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of it remains but the tawny, golden sunshine—the regal, desert sunshine.

Thus there sprang up in the State a second tradition, quite different from that of the placer gold at first glance, but singularly like it in its implications. It was a tradition of hard work, of visionary plans made true, of impossible obstacles overcome. It added further proof of the rewards that come to the man who takes a chance; but it hardened the muscles of the gambler. This second epoch of the State was the development of irrigation. Irrigation farming, they call it in more favored localities; but the irritation of the early settlers, wearily waiting for the water that seems never to come, is soon forgotten once the project is completed. Today, the man with a vision points to the rolling hills of volcanic dust, rich in phosphates, but dun gray with sage and greasewood, streaked with alkali in the sinks, and smoldering under a summer sun that dries up every vestige of water, and exclaims: "All it needs is good men and water!" And the doubting Thomas, voicing all the weight of conservative caution and disinclination for personal discomfort, drawls: "Like hell!" But in ten years, the good men and water are there; the land is transformed; a new city is budding forth; and a thousand families or more have been raised to a new prosperity.

This is still a story of sudden fortunes within the reach of the man who will take a chance and of sudden shiftings of personal position. Such a history, such traditions, especially when compacted within the short span of sixty years, make for democracy. Such a history cannot help but leave its impress upon the citizens of the State: they are individualists and their creed is self-reliance. Another influence as potent in molding public character as the traditions of placer gold and irrigation is the topography of the State. The scenery of Idaho is wonderfully picturesque and diversified. There are endless forests and boundless sagebrush flats; precipitous, serrated mountain ranges and great desert plains; clear lakes incased in granite walls and desolate lava fields; gigantic waterfalls and burning, arid volcanic areas, pitted with dead craters; rich irrigated valleys and rolling hills incapable of cultivation.

This ever-present environment inevitably creeps into the blood and spirit of the men and women of the State, and because of its extreme diversity makes for restlessness. "Habit," says William James, "is the great fly-wheel of society." If it is, then restlessness must be the driving-rod. It is the force that tempts civilization into new experiments. Habit has never had much opportunity to be developed in Idaho, nor the social stratas much chance to become solidified. The State has been constantly plunging forward into new activities during all of its brief history.

Thus we have in Idaho the curious anomaly of a community of nearly half a million citizens still animated by the simple and individualistic tradition of the pioneer, when the remainder of the nation has progressed into a class-conscious, conservative, and cynical age. Of course the lines are not clearly defined. Idaho is still a pioneer State but it is only an expurgated edition of the old West. Its citizens still possess a subdued gambling instinct but all lawlessness and excess have disappeared under the mollifying influence of the schools.

To the casual observer the State seems to be absorbed in the cultivation of prunes, politics, and potatoes, to the exclusion of all else. As a State it has taken the lowly potato and the prune of ill-repute and elevated them to the rank of

semi-luxuries, and it is the home of William E. Borah. In spite of the fact, however, that the State produces 75 per cent of the green prunes marketed in the United States, or that it is the source of the huge baked potatoes for which the railroad dining-cars ask such fabulous prices, or that it possesses the highest dam in the world, the Arrowrock, that impounds the water to irrigate 234,000 acres of land, a large portion of its area is still virgin territory. However restless its citizens may be they find plenty of opportunity to express themselves in overcoming the immediate problems of nature. However prosaic their ordinary daily activities may appear, back of them there is the knowledge that over the hill or beyond the valley lies the wilderness and the romance of the unknown.

In the mind of most persons the name of Idaho connotes just one thing—Senator William E. Borah. And yet, notwithstanding the political prominence of her most noted son, Idaho is not very much interested in politics. The presence in Washington of a most ardent and fearless liberal as representative of the State would lead the observer to expect the existence of an active and articulate liberal element in the State. But it is doubtful if Idaho is honestly in sympathy with Senator Borah's liberalism, although it is in downright sympathy with his personality. The pioneer likes a fighter and a man of action. It is not so much what a man stands for but how he stands that appeals to Idaho. Senator Borah has a disconcerting ability to do things and the State applauds if it does not approve.

It may be difficult for the citizens of other States to understand Idaho's continued support of William E. Borah if it is true that the State as a whole does not uphold his policies. The explanation of this seeming inconsistency lies in an understanding of the pioneer temperament. There is no one so quick to give homage to merit as the pioneer. To Idaho, William E. Borah is a national figure, not a State representative. He has made his mark by his own efforts and ability. His reputation for fearless integrity and sincerity is nation-wide. Idahoans feel that he deserves the State's support in recognition of these achievements, and that the State can find plenty of other men to work in Washington for its sheep or lumber or mining industries. The absence of class solidarity is a marked characteristic of Idahoans. As a whole they are very intolerant of any class or geographical moves, but they are more than tolerant of individuals.

Senator Borah, like his fellow-citizens, is an individualist. He is not afraid to express his opinions even though "the entire nation and all Idaho" disagree. Some communities might accept such an attitude as a challenge and immediately prepare to send a man to the national Capitol who would echo the wishes of his constituency, or at least, the articulate portion of it; but your true pioneer is more tolerant and has a keener sense of humor. He may not think very much of the recognition of Russia, and he may not be very much interested in the continued presence of United States troops in Caribbean countries—in fact, he may have a marked imperialistic strain in his mental make-up—but he never thinks that that is sufficient reason for him to try to silence every man who disagrees with him.

All of which shows, perhaps, that Idaho does not take its politics very seriously. Toward the end of the Civil War there was an influx from the Southern States of such proportions that it came to be known locally as "the left wing of Price's army." Due to this disturbing factor political

rivalry for a time was very keen and followed with deep interest by the average citizen. Of late years it has ceased more and more to be an important element in the life of the State. Idaho accepts the periodic outpourings of puritanical paternalism, or of culture, or of radical philosophy, from the East, not with disinterest, but with good-natured tolerance. Such things do not reach home in Idaho; but if the majority of the nation wants them they are accepted placidly. Like all pioneers, Idahoans are materialists. They are impressed by results, by concrete actions, more than by abstract theories, and on all topics that do not touch them directly they are strict conformists.

This is admirably illustrated by the schools, which possess no radical improvements but which excel in all those branches approved by modern practice. Just what it has meant to Idaho to bring its schools to this point of perfection is best understood by consulting the 1920 census tabulations. Idaho has a population of 5.2 per square mile, whereas the ratio for the entire United States is 35.5. This means that every individual in Idaho has to aid in the maintenance of the State government, roads, and schools to an extent practically seven times as great as the average citizen in the United States. Last year the maintenance and operation of State schools cost \$18.87 for every citizen of the State. The fact that the percentage of illiteracy is only 1.5 per cent, and that all foreigners and Indians who cannot read and write the English language are included in that percentage, is sufficient proof that Idahoans have not made their sacrifices to no purpose. Of late there has been some tendency to attempt to curb the growing burden of taxation in the State. It speaks well for the citizens of Idaho that there has been no reduction or curtailment of the activities of the State schools in spite of the fact that they received the burden of criticism.

Once or twice in the past the State has been shocked by some concrete evidence of the development within its borders of problems which had never been considered very seriously. The most notable of these cases was the murder of Governor Steunenburg. Then followed, after sundry involved actions, the Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone trial. Idaho suddenly found itself playing a part in the great social drama of the nation and in contact with some of the most brilliant minds of the country. Clarence Darrow was there, remembered in Boise for his characteristic remark that he was a lawyer by ear and not by note. Several of the brilliant men of the State found in this brief flash of the spotlight their opportunity. Borah and Nugent both emerged from obscurity to national prominence and have not suffered by the publicity they received.

There were labor troubles in the Coeur d'Alenes, in which the I. W. W. was the main disturbing element, and only recently Kate Richards O'Hare was forcibly ejected from Twin Falls—a complicated affair involving socialistic and pacifistic angles. The sympathy of the State in all of these cases was decidedly on the side of conformity. The Non-partisan League had but a short life in the State. When the leaders of the sheep industry tried to corral a large slice of the public domain they were very promptly jeered out of court although the action involved some prominent names. The true Idahoan is daring and original enough as an individual but he is not interested in class movements.

And now, lest we have drawn too idyllic a picture of our Western mountaineer, steeped in the romance of the past, let us take a look at the outward man, the Idahoan the casual

observer sees from the transcontinental train. Well, for one thing he has changed his one time miner's garb for the conventional straw hat and blue overalls of the farmer. He insists on having electric lights in his ranch house, and the very latest improvements in farm implements or mining equipment. In some parts of the State he even heats his house with electricity while his wife cooks the meals for the hungry hay-hands on an electric stove. He likes to have his children attend the best schools in the land and does not oppose any educational frills provided they are cut along practical lines—vocational training, agricultural short courses, and so forth. He likes to have the latest model of his favorite automobile, and he believes in having a frequent vacation. He and the family and as many friends as the car can hold may be seen every day of the season sliding over the rough mountain roads to some camping ground where the fishing is good. He does not read on an average a book a year, but contents himself with the daily paper and a farm journal. Lacking any information on which to base a diverse opinion he accepts all of the newspaper headings at their own valuation and does not know that he is being robbed.

He likes to see things undertaken on a big scale and put through with snap and go. Back of his every-day task he is dreaming of some big project of his own—a mine to be developed, an irrigation project to be undertaken, a factory to be built. Whatever his position in life may be, he does not feel that it is the slightest handicap to him in achieving any of the bold plans he has secretly developed. He has too many fine projects of his own, to be very much interested in the sins or sorrows of other persons. Art and literature are all very well but he considers them dull things, indeed, when there is a fortune to be made in the next day or so.

The point that our Idahoan misses, as do all pioneers, is that a great many persons, due to their very numbers, are forever denied the pleasures and responsibilities of prosperity, no matter how hard they may work or strive, or how nobly they may plan. The percentage of opportunities for material success is still so favorable in Idaho that it is difficult for a citizen of that State to realize how tight the shoe pinches in less-favored localities. Consequently, he is selfish, and since he can secure all he wants without upsetting any of the existing customs and laws of the land, he is not interested in any discussion of changing the established order. His mental attitude toward the reforms of the hour is best illustrated by the expression: "Set the clock of progress ahead if you want to, but human nature will still be behind time." Time, he considers, with its slow methodical evolution, will solve all the perplexing social problems of the present moment.

Our Idahoan, immersed in the gigantic task of remaking a desert, or isolated in the rocky gorges of the State's central mountains, unearthing their rich minerals, makes the same mistake as does his Eastern brother, ensnared in the roaring mechanism of modern business. He carries his specialism too far. It is not that he overestimates the importance of his practical problems, but that he devotes all of his time to them at the expense of his cultural interests. This disregard for the finer, kindlier, abstract things of life in preference for more spectacular action represents a weakness not restricted to Idaho, although, perhaps, more noticeable in the pioneer than in anyone else. It is a common trait. A brass band on the street will gain more votes for a political candidate than the scholarly treatise by his

opponent resting in the bookshop window—whether in Boise or Washington, D. C.

The lack of the critical sense is an all too human characteristic, and the tendency toward conformity due to this cause would be quite as monotonous and deadening in Idaho as it is elsewhere were it not relieved by the gambling spirit. This willingness to take a chance, this sympathy for restlessness, this understanding of the lure of the unexpected, makes Idahoans surprisingly and delightfully tolerant of each other. They are as susceptible as other good Americans when they hear the tom-toms of mob appeal, but they are rarely carried off their feet on local issues or personalities. They are not reformers, crusaders, or whiners. Bigotry and egoism are very rare. They are first and last individualists, zealous of the rights of their neighbors lest their own freedom be infringed; proud of their self-reliance, but not domineering over those associated with them. These are the traits and tendencies that cannot help but have tremendous influence on the future of their State.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation of June 27, will be West Virginia: A Mine-Field Melodrama, by James M. Cain.

Rain Inters Maggiore

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

It rains and then it rains and still it rains,
The village lost in rivers, lakes, and fogs;
Misery groans and mutters, execrates
The flying winds that bring the shrunken earth
Another wave of moisture fathoms deep,
The necessary moiety for seeds
To split their sides with drinking and emerge
As corpulent as cabbages or monks.

But who dares squeeze his head above the ground,
What man, inhabiting a mortal skin
And cramped, two-legged habits, has the skill,
Bravado, and resistance to defy
An open window or a door, for clouds
To mystify, bewilder, madden, blind
With vertical, oblique, criss-crossing rain,
Until the head, no longer dodging, break?

The mountains have a weary air and glower
At clouds that wind effeminate shawls and scarfs
Of black and gray reiterated, wound
About their foreheads, eyes and noses, mouths;
As if those stones were women and the world
Frail Puritans from London dreading nudes,
Unless the thing be masked and hooded safe
As ladies of Madrid who shyly veil
Their eyes and move behind dark draperies.

The people hide in houses, huddled close,
And have no talk to talk about who have
No topic which they haven't had before—
Each window like the rest, each view a sea;
And who can find surprise inside a room
Worn stupid, dull, monotonous and chill
With feet that know not where they go nor why,
That beat a rataplan upon a drum,
No matter where you beat it, sounds the same?

And who would venture forth in search of themes
To twine discussion round, when not a soul
Is on the road to tell you how it goes
With him, or doesn't go? And yet, suppose
You chanced to meet with such a vagabond—
Like some queer hybrid blossom in the dusk —
Would he turn idiotic, lift his chin
Out of his neck to tell you miracles?—
To cry, the slopes are dancing, wild with fire;
Camelias and mimosas, drunk with storms,
Have lit the night with red and white and gold?

The rain is steady now, a metronome;
No pause or syncopation dams the flood;
Conformity is king, the sky a slave
To humdrum, two-four tedium, christened God!
Go, put the kettle on the stove to boil
A pint of all this water from the soil;
And turn to China and a pinch of tea
To saturate our bleak monotony:
Italy's dead and dull, all Europe gray—
Take down that silken copy—Li Tai Po—
Open his drunken rivers; let them flow,
And haul this junk, the Occident away!
Yes, light the lamp; let it provide the sun
That wars to finish hatreds have undone!

In the Driftway

ORDINARILY the Drifter has no fault to find with his colleagues, and as a rule he approves of *The Nation*; but every now and then some news of moment seems entirely to escape the attention of the estimable editors, and when that happens the Drifter feels a certain responsibility in the matter. Some of these recent neglected bits of information have been heart-warming. For example a card to the Drifter says:

A few days ago at the Institute of Musical Art, five candidates for the Artists diploma in piano-playing played before a jury which consisted of Harold Bauer, Wilhelm Bachaus, and Ernest Hutcheson. . . . I know you will be interested to know that of the four winners of the diploma Miss Lanoma Talley, a colored girl, received the highest mark by the jury, who consider Miss Talley a most conspicuous piano talent and a musical personality of genuine distinction.

The Drifter need not say that he *was* glad to hear about Miss Talley, and he was equally pleased with the story of Albert Morgan, of Chicago, who after fifty years of service with Wilson Brothers of that city received, with the affectionate wishes of his fellow-employees, a gold watch and chain and enough money for an extra vacation. Such gifts from coworkers are not unprecedented; but Albert, too, is colored and his coworkers are not, and that is much more unusual.

* * * * *

THE Drifter himself has never seen a dead camel on the streets of New York, nor yet a demised alligator. Yet in the bill submitted for carting away dead animals from the city streets both these creatures were listed, together with three elephants, one bear, one deer, and 32,007 cats! Nor did a word concerning these startling figures appear in the editorial columns of this paper, and no attempt was made to ascertain whether they indicated that

New York had not yet come out of the wild-animal stage or was reverting to it, nor where a dweller in a city apartment would keep a bear, not to mention a camel. Equally culpable, to the Drifter, was the omission of certain revelations concerning the Missouri Legislature. An inventory made at the close of a legislative session showed that the worthy lawmakers had been uncommonly careless, for seven typewriters, an adding machine, twenty-one desk lamps, a mirror, and a wooden chest had disappeared; and the loss after the 1921 session had been so heavy, including as it did 130 folding chairs, one couch, and seventeen mirrors, that even the dictionaries were locked in a steel safe. The Drifter can imagine a legislator who would become so fond of a dictionary that he could not bear to be parted with it after his term was over, but what would he do with a mirror?

* * * * *

FINALLY, there is the story of Mrs. Jessie Myers of Los Angeles, smiling, buxom, youthful, who at thirty-one years of age can, if she wishes, tell wild-animal stories to her grandson. At that rate Mrs. Myers could be a great-great-great-grandmother at ninety, and the Drifter hopes she will live at least that long if only for the sake of such an experience. Consider that the great-great-great-great-grandmother of the ordinary citizens living today must have been born about 1730 and you have an idea of Mrs. Myers's achievement. But if many persons imitate her something will have to be done about the names of one's grandparents. For example, how difficult it would be for little Harold to be told that he might take tea with great-great-great-grandmother, and might carry with him the wooden horse great-grandmother had given him provided great-great-great-great-grandmother had not a headache and would not be disturbed by the noise, in which case he should stay at home and have tea by himself unless grandmother could be prevailed upon to take him motoring.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

That Article on Arkansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I know Charles L. Edson and I know Arkansas, and I thought the conjunction of the two in the last issue of *The Nation* a brilliant phenomenon. I have heard many—well, several—people say they believe Edson-Arkansas the best team in your State series. Mr. Harold Callender, an editorial writer of the *New York Sun*, says his longings for a voyage to England and Egypt have been diverted to Arkansas by the Edson article. It was as sharp as a razor-back hawg, as broad as an Arkansawyer's smile, and as pleasantly insinuating as a houn' dawg's long rippling tail.

New York, May 1

GEORGE T. BYE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are you introducing a "joke column," or are you really willing for your readers to believe that "at the opening of the World War Arkansas was for Germany to a man"; that the Union Station at Little Rock has an "immigrant section" where people sleep on the floor; that every adult in the State knows a coarse "speech of Senator Jones" (whatever that may be); that "the Arkansawyers have a legend, a ceremony, and a ballad for every occasion"; that five years ago people paid taxes with coon-skins, etc., etc.? Of course, all this has the same relation to the Arkansas of today that the cowboys of William

Hart and Tom Mix have to modern California. Mr. Edson's Arkansans are "made in Hollywood."

One of the many things which Mr. Edson forgot to mention is the fact that one of the best of newspapers is the *Arkansas Gazette*. I make this observation after spending twelve years in great cities of this country and Europe. I commend the *Gazette* to your consideration for your articles on American newspapers.

But after all perhaps I should not have attempted a serious reply to absurdity; the proverb says, "It's a waste of lather to shave an ass."

Chicago, May 9

FRED R. BRYSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the write-up of Arkansas by C. L. Edson, I am reminded of a story I heard in Texas many years ago. A Presbyterian missionary and colporter was traveling through Arkansas taking a spiritual inventory of the inhabitants for his denomination. One day after riding most of the day without seeing a single person, he saw in a clearing a log cabin, the gable ends of which were embellished with coon-skins and the hides of other "varmint." In response to his Hello, a woman came to the door; whereupon he asked her if there were any Presbyterians in that section.

"Wall," said the woman, "I don't think they air; my old man has been huntin' in these here parts for nigh onto twenty years and he ain't never killed narry one yit."

Winston Salem, N. C., May 1

A. T. HANES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When this gentleman says that few in Arkansas can read, and that those few who can do not, he knows that he indulges in reckless misrepresentation, and the editor should have blue-penciled the statement. The *Literary Digest* has 7,561 subscribers, and sells weekly in Arkansas 4,031 copies, a total circulation in the State of 11,592 copies. The *Saturday Evening Post* sells 15,241 in Arkansas; and the *Ladies' Home Journal* 15,198. The *Arkansas Gazette* has 40,062 subscribers to its daily, 10,800 additional subscribers to its Sunday issue, and 15,000 to its semi-weekly edition, making a total of 66,462 subscribers to families, which at the usual average of five readers to a family, accounts for more than 300,000 readers in Arkansas. There is in Little Rock a bookstore that would do credit to a city of 500,000 people.

The gentleman evidently capitalizes the spirit of the old legend of the Arkansas Traveler, which is not and never was typical of the State; but a representation of a type similar to those to be found in all communities, including those of the most cultivated sections. Mr. Edson would have folks believe that the Arkansan was a distinct breed of humanity, belonging to a species indigenous to the soil, having sprung up spontaneously without any cultivation or the least admixture. Nothing is farther from the truth. The State was, of course, settled like others, by people from different sections; and in its population is represented the best blood of all the States and of almost every nation under the sun.

Arkansas is all right. We are a little low in the literacy scale, but plans for educational advancement which are under way in the State will soon overcome that. In other respects the State is making rapid progress. More than 2,000 houses are being erected in Little Rock. Two concrete bridges are being constructed across the Arkansas River, which cost more than \$2,000,000. The State is spending nearly \$100,000,000 for good roads. The Little Rock cotton market is the fifth largest in the South, and is one of the ten government spot markets.

Little Rock, Arkansas, May 6

FRED W. ALLSOPP

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suspect Edson of being a "genius"—a term I don't use freely. I don't know Arkansas, but I do like to read Edson.

Princeton, N. J., May 3

JULIAN STREET

Mary Austin's Arizona

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is easy in most respects to find oneself in agreement with Mary Austin's portrayal of Arizona: The Land of Joyous Adventure. Perhaps she didn't stay there long enough to discover that it is a Lotus Land, too, a land of comfortable complacency, where it can be very easy to forget that outside there is a world of wars and revolutions, famines, strikes, and political prisoners.

She is correct when she speaks of the mining industries as spots of infection, but one feels that she must be relying on hearsay when she writes as she does of the Bisbee deportations. To speak of them as a characteristically Arizonian incident is ridiculous. It was a characteristic copper-company incident, carefully planned and ruthlessly executed under the protection of a governor who was willing to recognize the extralegal aspects of the affair during a time when, in the war-engendered hysteria, emotions ran high. The apprehension of Mexican raids, of which Miss Austin speaks, existed only in the rumors emanating from the copper camps, and serious credence was never given to them by the border residents. If Miss Austin had carefully inquired into the matter she would have discovered that the native Arizonians who were deported would outnumber those deporting two to one.

To those who follow the history of labor trials in America, the outcome of the trials in "open court" in Bisbee was no surprise. No convictions were expected even in Arizona, but that the verdict reflected prevailing public sentiment does not necessarily follow. The Republican governor, who was swept into victory with the general Republican landslide in 1920, has been overwhelmingly defeated by Governor Hunt, the champion of labor and the denouncer of the deportations.

Berkeley, California, April 10

GRACE MAUL

Connecticut: Home of the Beechers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his interesting article on Connecticut in your last issue Don C. Seitz inadvertently omitted to mention one of Connecticut's most illustrious families—the Beecher family. Lyman Beecher was born in New Haven in 1775. He had five sons, one of whom was the indomitable Henry Ward, and one daughter, Harriett Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They were all born in Litchfield. The five sons were all well-known ministers. But the single fact that Henry Ward Beecher was born in that State is enough to make it famous. It was certainly worthy of mention in an article on Connecticut.

New York, April 16

GEORGE FENTRICK

Russia's Debts—and Others

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 18, 1923, Mr. Edward Berwick draws a parallel between the repudiation by the present Russian Government of the obligations of its predecessors and the refusal of the United States to recognize as its own the obligations incurred by the Confederate States in their attempt to secede from the Union. Mr. Berwick argues therefore that Secretary Hughes's position in refusing to recognize the present regime in Russia, unless it agrees to assume the obligations incurred by the Imperial government, is unsound.

The parallel drawn by Mr. Berwick does not seem to be quite accurate. If this Government refused to recognize the present Russian Government unless it assumed as its own the obligations incurred by the various counter-revolutionary governments, headed by such leaders as Generals Denikin and Wrangel, there would be more justification in Mr. Berwick's

contention. But such is not the case. It would be manifestly absurd to maintain the proposition that Great Britain should be held responsible for the debts incurred by Sinn Fein in its attempt to establish the Irish Republic. It comes more within the realm of realities to hold that a Labor government in England should respect the financial undertakings of the present British Government. For in the one case the obligations incurred were presumably for the interest of the people in whose name they were incurred, while in the other directly against their interest. To recognize a government which refuses to honor the obligations contracted by its predecessors constitutes an unwise precedent and contravenes the well-established principle of the continuity of states. A state is bound by the engagements entered into by governments that have ceased to exist. The governments of Louis XVIII and Louis Philippe indemnified the citizens of foreign states for losses caused by the government of Napoleon. Upon the overthrow of the imperial regime in Brazil, the Minister of Finances of the provisional government sent the following telegram to Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State: "Monarchy deposed. . . Republic respects strictly all engagements and contracts entered upon by the state."

Governments fall by the way, more or less violently, every day; but states remain. And it is for their benefit that obligations are contracted. To hold that such obligations can be canceled at will by every new government would result in a complete breakdown of international credit. Such a result, it is submitted, would cause a greater hindrance to the general progress of the world than a temporary refusal to recognize the present Government in Russia.

The recognition of the Soviet Government in Russia should not be confused by the sympathies or antipathies aroused by its particular economic system. Recognition of a government is a recognition of a fact, not an approval of a system. And that fact is that the new government is willing and able to conform to certain standards which have been found to be necessary to attain orderly intercourse between the nations of the world and a modicum of confidence in that much-abused conception: the honor of a nation.

Washington, April 16

FRANCIS COLT DE WOLF

The Young Bohemians

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A society is now being formed in New York City to be known temporarily as The Young Bohemians. The young people whom this society wishes to reach—young artists, musicians, litterateurs, intellectuals, students—are at present too scattered and disorganized to reap from each other the full benefit and pleasure of each other's ideas and ideals. All those interested are urged to communicate with one of the undersigned.

ANNETTE LANGROCK, 615 West 162d St.

RAYMOND RUBINOW, 606 West 137th St.

New York, May 13

Can This Be True?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You say every schoolboy ought to know that the word "propaganda" means "things that ought to be made known." Yes, it is to be expected of schoolboys that they shouldn't read their dictionary enough to find out that "propaganda" is not neuter plural but ablative feminine singular.

Ballard Vale, Mass., May 3

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Frank Munsey: Dealer in Dailies, by Oswald Garrison Villard, will appear in next week's Nation.

Books

Anthropology

The Racial History of Mankind. By Roland B. Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.

AS the footnotes and bibliography of this book amply demonstrate, it represents an enormous amount of labor. Professor Dixon has examined a host of original monographs, many of them scattered in inaccessible periodicals and published in the Scandinavian and Slavic languages. It is all the more regrettable that he has failed to summarize in anything but the most meager fashion the truly enormous mass of literature examined, for he has thus missed a unique opportunity of playing the part of benefactor to his colleagues. His aim, however, was the very different one of propounding a general scheme of racial classification and development. A similar synthesis has been recently attempted by Professor G. Elliot Smith, but with the sketchiness imperative in an encyclopedia article, while the volume before us has the grandeur that goes with over five hundred pages of reading matter. The outstanding quality of the work, for good and evil, is its audacity. Both in his special conclusions and in his mode of approach the author ignores the traditional judgments of specialists. Thus he runs counter to the belief of most American students in the genetic unity of the New World aborigines and derives the American Indians from a series of immigrations via Bering Strait, each bringing a distinct combination of racial elements. The unity of the American race has indeed been challenged before by such writers as Professors Von Luschan and Elliot Smith, but unlike his predecessors Professor Dixon dispenses with the hypothesis of Polynesian influence. His arguments on this special but important problem merit careful examination, and whatever conclusion one may draw from the evidence the accompanying maps indicating the distribution of certain traits have the value of provoking thought.

Unfortunately the basic procedure on which the book as a whole rests is in the highest degree questionable. By what he himself characterizes as an arbitrary selection the author singles out three ratios symbolizing, respectively, the cranial length, cranial height, and nasal width, and on this basis constructs his fundamental types. Thus, the Caspian type is characterized by a long, high skull and a narrow nose; the Proto-Negroid by a similar skull but a wide nose; the Alpine by a broad, high skull and a narrow nose; and so forth. Since anthropologists recognize intermediate measurements for each of the selected features, twenty-seven groups would result from all the possible combinations, but in order to simplify matters Professor Dixon assumes that all the human groups characterized by medial instead of extreme values for length of skull, etc., are the result of blending; to which he adds the avowedly "purely arbitrary assumption" that the two extreme constituents shared equally in the result. This is piling hypothesis on hypothesis with a vengeance! Moreover, the terminology employed is extremely misleading. It is true that we are warned again and again that until the final chapter the eight "types" resulting from this procedure are to be regarded not as races but merely as so many trios of measurements. For instance, "Proto-Negroid" should never be understood to denote black skin and kinky hair, always merely a cephalic index below 75, an altitudinal index above 75, a nasal index above 51. But as a matter of fact the term "Negroid" is bound to suggest what it does in common parlance, and this applies to Professor Dixon himself no less than to his readers. If "Proto-Negroid" really means nothing more than the combination indicated, why are we referred to the picture of a surviving Portuguese representative of the type whose hair and swarthinness answer to the current conception of the Negro?

To revert from nomenclature to essentials, Professor Dixon

certainly fails to demonstrate in his concluding chapter that his provisional "types" correspond to genetically distinct varieties or races. I am strongly under the impression that he has been led into serious error by the ambiguity of the word "superficial." Because skin pigmentation and hair character are external features, it does not follow for a moment that they are therefore biologically less significant than "the fundamental proportions of the skull," or less stable. When we are asked to believe that the straight-haired Palae-Alpine and the kinky Negrito are fundamentally one race because they resemble each other in the selected cranial characters, the tax upon our credulity is too great to be meekly borne. In his theories of heredity Professor Dixon's boldness is likewise tantamount to recklessness, since most observations on the cephalic index contravene the assumption that the union of extreme types results in a blend.

On the vexed question of the comparative inborn capacities of the races Professor Dixon is admirably moderate in expressing his conviction of far-reaching differences. He does not lavish contempt on the races he considers inferior and does not yield the palm to any one of the three commonly accepted European varieties, but rather to the fusion of Mediterranean, Caspian (= Nordic), and Alpine strains. But however commendable ethically, his position cannot hold water methodologically. He is combating a man of straw if by the "advocates of the uniformity of man" he means to assail any anthropologists, for I know none who dogmatically believes in an absolute equality. What a number of us have done is to prove that the customary demonstrations of inequality are scientifically worthless, a very different thing. Professor Dixon argues that the Negroids *et al.* are inferior because during all the tens of thousands of years they have not risen superior to their environment. The obvious answer is that the ancestors of the most highly cultured peoples of today were not different in innate capacity two thousand years ago, but represented an entirely different cultural status from their present one. The problem of comparative racial worth is a difficult but not insoluble one. However, it cannot be solved by guesswork or loose comparisons of mixed groups of obscure constituency. Assuredly the statement that Khengiz Khan was "almost certainly in part of Caspian blood" is unworthy of Professor Dixon.

Yet after making every qualification it is impossible not to admire the independence and learning that mark the volume. It disregards the conventional barriers respected by investigators, it certainly aids in establishing some interesting facts of geographical distribution, and it may and should stimulate correspondingly broad essays in synthesis in this age of narrowness and over-specialization.

ROBERT H. LOWIE

The Writing on the Wall

The Decadence of Europe. By Francesco Nitti. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

IN "The Decadence of Europe" Signor Nitti covers the same ground as in "Peaceless Europe," but the new work is more trenchant and its note of warning is even more emphasized. It strips off the veil of silence with which the press has, in all the Allied countries, tried to cover the many heinous deeds committed by the Entente since the armistice.

One thing is needful: peace. "The world-crisis will not come to an end without the resettlement of Europe. The resettlement of Europe will never take place except by abandoning armies of occupation, reestablishing the sovereignty of every state, and abandoning absurd indemnities, which do harm not only to the morality, but also to the intelligence, of the victors." But the way back to peace becomes increasingly difficult, for, "as each day passes, Europe sinks rapidly into decay. . . . Europe is already seething with preparations for fresh wars; and the almost feverish production of aeroplanes, of asphyxiating

and poisonous gases, and of submarines can arouse nothing but anxiety." Despite the disarmament of the vanquished, Western Europe has today twice as many men under arms as before the war, and as more and more money is diverted to military purposes, the more dire becomes the economic peril of the victors.

Signor Nitti is convinced that Europe cannot of itself move in the right direction, and that the only force capable "of bringing the present reign of violence to an end is to be found in the adoption of a vigorous policy by the United States." He would have America "exert economic and moral pressure," and thereby "impose peace, as she imposed victory." He has only praise for the American democracy and for its acumen in not ratifying the peace treaties, but he also holds that America is morally, if not legally, bound, through Germany's having laid down her arms in response to the Fourteen Points, to help clear up the desperate situation created by those treaties. While advocating the cancelation of all war debts and credits as a necessary step to economic rehabilitation, he insists that debts and reparations must be treated as part of the same problem, and also warns that any money lent to Europe while it continues its present course, "whether it take the form of buying shares in any industry, or of lending money to local bodies," can only perpetuate disorder.

For Great Britain, too, Signor Nitti has much praise; for the strenuous self-denying efforts by which she has brought up her currency, for her steady endeavors for peace, and for her attempts to get international trade restarted by offering to waive the debts and indemnities due her. Generous as this latter point may be, Signor Nitti overlooks what France is fond of pointing out, that Great Britain has in any case received the lion's share of compensation in the German colonies. While she both desires and urgently needs peace, it is quite true that England's power of action "is paralyzed by fear of new conflicts," and this setback to her plans for reconstruction is enhanced by loss of prestige due to her anti-Turkish policy, which has prejudiced the Moslem world against her.

Signor Nitti expresses unqualified condemnation of the present French rulers. "The acts of France since 1919 do not correspond to her traditions, and her representatives have only isolated the noble country which we loved, and which we still love as the center of civilization and of light." He shows how, under cover of the treaty, their real aim throughout has been "that of breaking up the unity of the German people and of destroying Germany economically." Nor is this the whole end in view, since, though French fiscal conditions are always critical, "France counts on being able to live on its own internal resources, whatever may happen—a thing which Italy cannot do, and which Great Britain cannot do." France is, moreover, arming herself with new weapons of destruction, which cannot be aimed against Germany.

In order to bring home the unprecedented rapacity of the settlement, Signor Nitti works out what the reversal of the existing treaties would mean if the tables were turned on France and Italy; he shows, too, how lenient by comparison were the treaties of 1815, hitherto looked on as "the triumph of absolutism over the principles of democracy." "What kind of future," he asks, "are we preparing for our children? What will be our future? As we make our bed, so we shall have to lie in it. We shall not find peace at home again in any nation, or prosperity, or healthy conditions of life until this sad period of ignorance and brutality has passed away."

It is not necessary to enter here into the condition of the conquered peoples. That their universities are closing; their educational and relief associations shutting their doors for lack of funds; that tuberculosis and children's diseases are alarmingly on the increase are facts that are well known even if their full significance is not realized. The details make terrible reading. We may pass over, too, the worst horrors on the Rhine, while noting that the "devastated territories could already have been reconstructed with the money spent on the

armies of occupation." ("The families of German workmen, clerks, and officials have to live on less than a tenth part of the pay of one English soldier.") Signor Nitti tells of the innumerable Allied commissions with which, often quite needlessly as in the case of Austria, the vanquished countries have been flooded; and quotes Lord Newton as declaring in the House of Lords that "the sight of those commissions, abandoning themselves to an excessive luxury in the midst of a ruined people, is one of the most repugnant spectacles that it is possible to imagine." "The worst example is provided by the Rhine commission, which was to have consisted of four members, but has had a membership of as many as 1,300 persons, including seventy-five delegates, claiming the accommodation and allowances of brigadier generals." The day will come, prophesies Signor Nitti, "when it will be considered a disgrace to have belonged to those commissions of plunder."

Truly, "there is around us still a dark night of prejudice, of greed, and of hate; but," in the words with which Signor Nitti closes his preface, "in every country, the forces of life are beginning to make themselves more freely felt. Perhaps it will be one day a title of honor to have broken with the conventional language of falsehood, which weighs on us more heavily than our economic decadence, or our financial ruin." To make this break is certainly the first step to a true peace, for none that is lasting can be built on lies, and the world is still befogged with them. The people everywhere must clean house. "If the public knew with what levity, with what fatuity, with what skepticism the greatest problems in the life of nations are so often discussed, they would not tolerate for long many of the very great blunders which now jeopardize the life of the world."

In a new preface, called forth by France's action in the Ruhr, Signor Nitti traces the persistent policy of the French Government, under pressure of her militarists, to gain possession of the Ruhr; thereby controlling its output and placing Germany "at the mercy of the great iron and steel interests of France." Thus "a single group, by commanding the iron trade," would "hold dominion over all the metallurgical and mechanical industry of the Continent." Belgium and Poland being already drawn into the French system, "Italy would lose all freedom of movement." A complete military domination of the Old World would, in fact, be established.

B. U. BURKE

International Law

Democracy's International Law. By Jackson H. Ralston. John Byrne and Company. \$1.50.

Introduction to the Study of International Organization. By Pitman B. Potter. The Century Company. \$4.

The Control of American Foreign Relations. By Quincy Wright, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company. \$3.25.

"A LAW of Nature," says Suarez, "is a rule of reason; wherefore a human law partakes of the reason of law in so far as it is derived from a law of nature. And if they disagree in anything, there is no law but a corruption of law." This statement of a sixteenth-century writer might with benefit have been the précis of the small volume by Mr. Ralston. The writer starts with the idea that there is a vast hiatus between the true international law and the body of rules and customs which is customarily known as international law. Thus war is entirely legal so far as anything to be found in the text writers, treaties, domestic legislation, and decided cases is concerned (excepting perhaps Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations). And yet war is, according to Mr. Ralston, quite contrary to the true international law. This true international law is to be discovered by a study of the relation between action and reaction in international affairs.

"The Legal Order," says Dean Pound, "is an adjustment of human actions and relations in order to conserve the goods of existence, prevent friction in human use and enjoyment of these

goods, and eliminate waste of them. It seeks to do this by securing as many interests as it may with the least sacrifice of other interests." Presumably those acts which promote the welfare of the society of nations are in accordance with the true international law. The welfare of the society of nations is to be served by securing as many interests of its member nations as may be with the least sacrifice of other interests. And the interest of a nation is to be arrived at, as suggested by Dean Pound, by a balancing of the interests of all its human constituents. Nothing is to be gained here by an obdurate refusal to look behind the legal entity to the men who compose it.

Mr. Ralston suggests that the theory of sovereignty has no real basis in fact and hence cannot be a part of true international law. "Sovereign power," says Grotius, "is one whose acts are independent of any other superior power, so that they may not be annulled by any other human will." But such independence is impossible. There is no nation stronger than any coalition which might be formed against it. The theory of sovereignty is a theory of impossible anarchy. It retards the development of international law, for international law brings limitations upon the few in the interest of the many, and a sovereign can accept no limitations upon his independence.

Mr. Potter's book makes its chief appeal, not as a textbook, but as history in the manner of Dicey or Lecky. To one who likes to trace the thread of an idea through the maze of history here is engrossing reading. Although a believer in the efficacy of international organization to avert wars the author does not permit his scientific exposition of the facts to be unduly colored by optimism. Far more encouraging than hopeful generalities is Mr. Potter's orderly narrative of the evolution of international organization. This book should be read to get an idea of the fabric which is being woven bit by bit, and which today has reached impressive proportions in the coordinated activities of such organisms as the League of Nations, the International Labor Office, and the Permanent Court of International Justice.

Mr. Wright's book is one of the fruits of his labors at the University of Minnesota, where for several years he has held with distinction a professorship in international law.

One does not read very far into Mr. Wright's book without realizing that it is more concerned with the constitutional organization of our governmental machine than with the substance of international law. Yet he represents the sometimes unpopular view that we should steer our ship of state in accordance with the laws of political navigation rather than plow our wilful way regardless of the impinging courses of others. It is seldom that a person who undertakes to expound such a technical subject as that to which Mr. Wright sets himself, can emancipate himself from dependence upon what others have said and look at the facts. Yet that is what Professor Wright has done. One does not feel that he is looking at a legal brief full of laboriously chosen words, each one guarded cautiously by another, like chessmen in a close-fought game, but instead one feels that he is listening to a man who knows and grasps the facts and looks on words in their true light as symbols of thought, not as fetishes. So this is a living book. It is written with a wit and a style which stamp the work as that of an original mind.

There is something exceedingly practical and homely about the way Mr. Wright discusses the foreign relations power. It is as if a competent engineer had set about improving an antiquated automobile, by eliminating the rattle, perfecting the clutch so that it would take hold, and in general securing co-ordination between the motor and the rear axle. Theory there is, and nice legal discrimination, together with a sureness of touch which gives one confidence in the thoroughness and accuracy of the author's scholarship.

But above all this is a document with a message—and one can hardly read it without feeling that something must be done to close up the gap between our international obligations and

our constitutional powers. Mr. Wright's suggestion of constitutional understandings for the purpose deserves the serious attention of those who are charged with the conduct of our foreign relations. A nation which is constitutionally incapable of fulfilling some of its important obligations is not only mechanically imperfect, but is a bad neighbor. Let us hope that we shall heed the facts here portrayed, and set our house in order. Mr. Wright has given us a book which deserves to be ranked alongside Charles Cheney Hyde's "International Law" as one of the two most significant works of the past year in this field.

JOHN DONALD ROBB

Roman Bartholow

Roman Bartholow. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

The Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson. An Essay in Appreciation. By Lloyd Morris. With a Bibliography by W. Van R. Whitall. George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

THERE are passages in Mr. Robinson's new narrative poem which after several readings I fail to understand, and I shall probably never try to understand them. The whole drift of the story is clearer, yet it is not perfectly clear; and that is a radical defect. Nor does my respect for Mr. Robinson, ordinarily without bounds, quite extend in the present instance to all of his metaphors. I suspect that he let them do too much of the work that should have been done by direct statement. They file almost too regularly by, one after another, dark and impressive in their straight pentameter cloaks, but sometimes frigid, having little or nothing to communicate. Then, to conclude my cavils, certain stock elements here—blackness, blindness, disillusion, a hell all ice, a beautiful, empty woman, a lonely, thought-stricken man—unhappily suggest that Mr. Robinson is imitating himself. Doubtless there is no danger that he will go further and parody himself; yet the question is disquieting.

Those things said, it remains to say that "Roman Bartholow" is a poem such as no other living person could have written. Mr. Robinson has not equaled it for intensity and cut of dialogue, of drama, of description, of mood. The speech, of course, is too sharp and profound to be true. People never talked like this. But people have thought like this, and Mr. Robinson's people think aloud—think vernacularly—in marvelous verse.

Bartholow married Gabrielle and took her from the world. He took her into a forest, by a river, and fell there into a philosophic malady so obscure that he was dead to her for three years, dwelling in a hell beyond her farthest thought. A friend, Penn-Raven, came and restored him to clarity—but a clarity that divided him from his wife as confusion had not done. For now he gazed ahead, and Gabrielle stood behind. Or if he turned and looked at her, he saw through her. Gabrielle understood this better than he; but the desolation of her transparency came to be completed by the desolation of her emptiness when she could not wholly respond to Penn-Raven's illicit love. Penn-Raven's world was not enough for her, and she was not enough for Bartholow's. So she walked out one night and drowned herself in the river.

"Through the window

She saw the moon and stars, and under them
The river through the trees, and the far hills
Beyond them. All was there as it had been,
And as it was to be. She felt herself
Drawn to the door, as if a kindly ghost
Were leading her and she must follow it
Where she was led. On through a silent house
That had been too long silent she went softly,
And down another stairway she went softly,
And through another door; and there she was.
Now she could see the moon and stars again

Over the silvered earth, where the night rang
With a small shrillness of a smaller world,
If not a less inexorable one,
Than hers had been; and after a few steps,
Made cautiously along the singing grass,
She saw the falling lawn that lay before her,
The shining path where she must not be seen,
The still trees in the moonlight, and the river."

I can recall no more perfectly fitting passage than that in any poem. Nor do I think that any poet has searched more delicately or to better effect into a mind felt, rightly or wrongly, to be empty. Gabrielle says to Bartholow:

"Before you knew me, it was your conceit
To praise me, saying that I had a mind.
But I should have had more than I did have,
Or less. Either provision might have saved us—
Or me, I mean; for now I can see nothing
Before me, or behind me. It's all gone.
I should have lived in velvet ignorance,
With one to share it and to keep it smooth,
And with a mind that never would have burrowed
As yours did into me to find so little.
I wish you had found less and found it sooner—
Or more, and only found it. But you failed
In finding either; and that's all of it."

And Penn-Raven says to Bartholow:

"Her tragedy

Is knowing how hard it is to care so little
For all that is unknown, and heed so little
Of all that is unseen. She made herself
Believe she loved the world that wearied her
Until she left it and saw what it was,
Unwillingly, that she was not to see.
She learned of you on your awakening
What she was not to see, and she saw nothing."

Mr. Morris's monograph is sober and distinguished, but it might better have left Mr. Robinson's philosophy, whatever that is, to itself, and analyzed his art. A poet's philosophy may be somebody else's—by the present account, which to be sure is unconvincing, Mr. Robinson's seems to be Mr. Woodberry's—but his art, if he is a great poet, will be his own. Mr. Robinson's irony, for instance, gets only a few sentences. It deserves a volume.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Lady of the Island

Suzanne and the Pacific. By Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Ben Ray Redman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

ONCE upon a time, when we spun tops and out of a cigar box and a rubber band fashioned a ferryboat, we read "Robinson Crusoe"—and worshiped. Here was the Fate-Bearder, this sailor without a ship, who with hairpin and bamboo sliver made of his desert acres a busy factory and dairy farm. Surely one of the Magi, perhaps of the Immortals. But, alas, another idol down! Robinson was a dunce, a ninny. Justly, though late, fraud has been exposed—by Suzanne.

Modest maid of Limousin, Suzanne, startled winner of the *Sydney Bulletin's* trip round the world, is cast upon a coral island in the Pacific, where birds alone are neighbors. Does she with palm-tree logs and conch-shell adzes attempt to erect a cabin, the hideous counterpart of civilization's houses? Not Suzanne. True hedonist, she is content to live under a tree, to eat the breadfruit at her right hand, to drink the juice of the wine tree at her left. Why plow the soil for wheat because once she ate cakes baked of white flower? Why toil months contriving a clock, merely because in Limousin clocks were universal? "No clock. All right. So much the better. I won't get up till I'm good and ready."

Crusoe lacks imagination—a stolid mechanic; while he is building a chair for comfort in the future, Suzanne sits on a mossy bank and is comfortable forthwith. The time saved, she can better employ teaching parrots to shriek French, laying out a park, or other avocations equally stimulating to the artistic minded. "The second day I busied myself with making . . . a bed from the feathers with which the island was littered. The third day I withdrew the feathers which were too stiff and gathered the down. . . . On the fourth day I sorted the feathers according to their colors in order to have three divans, yellow, ochre, and red. . . . The sixth day I pulled out certain green feathers which were fading, and certain purple ones which pricked me. After these six days . . . I had just succeeded in making my bed . . ." While Crusoe drudges a year to manufacture a spine-racking mattress and spring cot. A sorry day for Suzanne, as she herself testifies, when upon a neighboring island, among the possessions of an unknown predecessor, she comes upon an account of Defoe's adventurer. It awakened a harrowing self-consciousness.

"If you wish to discover the world,
Close your eyes, Rosemonde."

The truth of which Suzanne and the Pacific evidences; though nothing happens, everything happens. With plot fragile as that of a musical comedy, Giraudoux, last year's co-winner of the Prix Balzac, has succeeded where even Conrad sometimes fails; he has made the subjective stirringly alive as a horse race. Each movement of the girl's hand becomes dramatic, each thought an adventure. It is a rare volume which causes the reader to see with regret, as the remaining pages grow fewer and fewer, how the minutes of his pleasure are numbered. If it is ordered that one day we be stranded upon the much-discussed desert island, may it be with Suzanne; let solemn Crusoe stay at home, the happy foreman in an automobile factory of King Henry Ford.

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Papini's Life of Christ

Life of Christ. By Giovanni Papini. Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

IT would be doing Signor Papini a grave injustice to judge his "Life of Christ" from the point of view of modern Biblical exegesis and historical researchers. He disdains these inquirers, because they write, not to give food for the soul and for the needs of the times, but to provide either dogmatic proofs and learned discussions for the non-religious, or material for the manufacture of new religions for the irreligious. For those lives of Jesus which have been written for the pious he also has a deep contempt. They exhale, he says, "a sort of withered mustiness . . . an odor of burnt-out lamp wick, a smell of stale incense and of rancid oil that sticks in the throat." He will have nothing to do with either the one or the other. He has not written a "scientific history," because, as he frankly avows, he could not, and would not if he could. He has gone for his sources to the Gospels themselves, to the Synoptic Gospels and to the Gospel of John, for in these alone is to be found the real Jesus. They contain all the material necessary for the man of imagination, for the artist and poet, for whom truth is dearer than beauty. It is as artist and poet, he claims, that he has written this book, which is intended, as he puts it, to be a book of edification, a book for the refashioning of souls, a book that shall be "an edifice built of the stones of truth to provide shelter against the winter and the night."

There can be no doubt of the sincerity of the writer; the book is at once the product of a passionate conviction and a deep-rooted faith in the revelations of the Bible. In that respect Signor Papini's "Life" is as much a revelation of his own soul as it is an interpretation of the Gospel narrative. He has written it as a Salvation Army convert might have written, who had suddenly "found religion" after a life of riotous living. Every

paragraph of it suggests the drowning man clinging desperately to the Rock of Ages. He bares his own soul in a rhapsody of speech that is born of the new experience. For he has found Christ to be the incarnation of a love that passeth all understanding, of that love in which alone is salvation for a world that has given itself up to vain things making for its destruction. And he expects the Second Coming. It reads like an atonement, an expiation for a guilt. Indeed, it is as such that Signor Papini would have us take this book.

Twelve years ago Papini wrote "The Memoirs of God" ("Memorie d'Iddio"), the product of what he calls a "mad and voluble humor run wild along the roads of paradox." It shocked even the heterodox, one of whom characterized it as "the last word in blasphemy." In that book he brought an indictment against God and cursed Him for the pain and sorrow from which the world suffered. Its words came from a heart over-charged from its own suffering. Born with a highly sensitive nature that felt deeply and imagined highly, Papini's reaction to the life of Florence was like that of a sick man in a hospital waiting for an operation. He dreaded the ordeal, or, it may be, he had no faith in the healing power of modern science, for he left the city and retired to the country. Broken in spirits and poor in goods, he lived for years in the little village of Bulciano in the hills, where he came into contact with a simple dignity of nature and human nature that refreshed his soul and brought him to a revelation he had not dreamed of before. He saw that the cause for all the suffering lay in the fact that Christ was being everywhere betrayed, and that in a Christian world Christ was being forgotten. Then came to him the impulse "to bring Him to mind and to defend Him."

We are moved by such an expression of faith to a high sense of the writer's conviction, if not to a respect for his intellectual gifts. His imaginative reconstruction of the events and scenes barely sketched by the Synoptics, if it is not literature, is of a picturesque and vivid realism which makes journalism an art in itself. And yet, is not Papini's affirmation of Christ as dogmatic in essence, nay, more so, than those "bookish resuscitations of Jesus," which he dismisses with scorn? Skeptics like Reimarus and Strauss; researchers like Keim, Weiss, Baur, Holtzmann, and Wernle; critics like Wrede and Schweitzer are also among the prophets. There is no more remarkable phenomenon in the spiritual life of our times than the devotion of German thinkers to their search for a living Christ and a living meaning of his life. They also saw, as Papini sees, the Christ as the incarnation of love; but they saw what Papini cannot see, namely, that this life of love necessitates that conflict with the world and its consequent suffering, against which Papini rebelled. For love's non-self-affirming spirit must, of necessity, conflict with the world's self-affirming spirit. It is in this conflict and its consequent suffering that a religious energy is created which we call Christianity, and every Christian will know Christ and His life, as no historians could possibly teach him, when he denies the world in the spirit in which Jesus denied it. TEMPLE SCOTT

Fairy Tales

Moonshine and Clover. By Laurence Housman. With illustrations designed by the author and engraved on the wood by Clemence Housman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.
A Doorway in Fairyland. By Laurence Housman. With illustrations, as above. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THE day that brings to the reviewer's desk two such perfect delights as these volumes of Mr. Laurence Housman's fairy tales is marked by a white stone. The stories are selected from the author's four previous volumes, now out of print, "A Farm in Fairyland" (1894), "The House of Joy" (1895), "The Field of Clover" (1898), and "The Blue Moon" (1904), and include all that is worth preserving of Mr. Housman's work in this field of creation.

We have nothing in our wonder literature more completely

satisfying than Mr. Housman's fantasies at their best. Presumably intended for children, they are the manner of stories which will eventually find their way with Grimm, Andersen, "The Thousand Nights and One Night," and the Arthurean legends on the playroom bookshelf, and may do much to reinstate adult guardians in the esteem of the young. They will, moreover, afford a more nicely discriminated pleasure to adult lovers of sophisticated fantasy for the delicacy with which they are conceived and the charm with which they are written.

The stories included in this collection are fairly equal in quality and interest; but if a preference must be made between the two volumes, the honors will go to "A Doorway in Fairyland," for the sake of two delightful stories, *The Passionate Puppets*, which is as lovely a tale as Wilde's *The Happy Prince*, and *Knoonie in the Sleeping Palace*, as tender and wistful as *The Nightingale and the Rose*. Also notable in this volume are the stories concerning *The Rooted Lover*, *The Moon-Flower*, *The Rat-Catcher's Daughter*, *The Bound Princess*, and *The Way of the Wind*; while "Moonshine and Clover" will be remembered with affection for the tales of Japonel, *How Little Duke Jarl Saved the Castle*, *A Capful of Moonshine*, *The Story of the Herons*, and *Rocking-Horse Land*.

Taken generally, Mr. Housman's stories are rather disappointingly "usual" in form and content, but we have compensation sufficient for this failure in the poetic wonderment of the atmosphere and the occasionally brilliant touches of satire, irony, idealism, or sheer verbal beauty that occur in almost every story. Their special excellence lies in their freshness and suave charm, in the well-knit terseness of their exposition, and the finished tact of their manner. Many descriptive passages possess a lyrical movement almost poetically effective.

The two volumes in the present edition are adorned with ornamented title-pages and many illustrations designed by the author and engraved on the wood by his sister, Miss Clemence Housman. These reveal Mr. Housman as a decorative craftsman of noteworthy merits, with tonal qualities recalling Burne-Jones in what is commonly taken to be his characteristic gesture. The typography and general mechanical detail of the volumes afford a tasteful setting for these pleasant tales.

WILLIAM A. DRAKE

Thomas Paine

Selections from the Writings of Thomas Paine. The Modern Library. Boni and Liveright, Inc. 95 cents.

THE only surprise at finding Thomas Paine in the Modern Library is that it has not been done sooner. These excerpts from six significant papers convey not only an impression of the opinions and philosophy of the eighteenth-century political revolutionist and religious deist, but a sense of the part he played in the affairs of England, France, and the United States. Carl Van Doren's introduction admirably vindicates the wisdom of his inclusion in the series:

"The 'Rights of Man' and the 'Age of Reason' are thumbed to pieces in public libraries; in uncounted cheap editions they keep up a vigorous career. Paine speaks to the common man in the common tongue. . . . No other writer in English has set forth with such combined lucidity and energy the balder facts regarding polity and theology. It is true that most of Paine's contentions were derived from doctrines widely current among the bolder spirits of his day, and that his triumph is rather that of the translator than of the originator. But such translations from the learned tongue has much the merit of poetry, of positive creation. . . . He was so much of a Quixote that his passion for the liberation of humanity by humaneness was possibly an illusion. . . . Paine was first of all a man of action."

Such slogans as "These are the times that try men's souls" not only animated the colonial rebels against George III; they are lodged in the kits of political tricksters of today, ironically enough, and still the spirit of Paine goes on revealing itself only to the new Ragged Philosophers. JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Books in Brief

Priscille Séverac. By Marcelle Tinayre. Paris: Calman Levy.

In this novel Marcelle Tinayre continues her studies of psychic phenomena arising from the war. She states in a foreword that she knew well Priscille Séverac and that her task was largely one of writing down what passed before her eyes. She often quotes textually from the diary of her heroine. The book is conceived somewhat in the manner of a classic French drama: a single incident in the life-long quest of Priscille for the savior of the world is related with the utmost simplicity. We are told just enough of her previous life to understand its culminating experience. Priscille is a humble servant of Protestant family whose only reading has been the Bible. She interprets the text in her own way and to her "everything is a sign and the sign of a sign." She conceives of herself as the chosen instrument for the restoration of the Czar in whose death she refuses to believe. Mystic voices dictate a message of which she is to be the bearer. Following the guidance of these voices she finds one sleeping whom she takes for the Czar. He is in the precise circumstances in which she has been directed to seek him. He disappears before she can deliver her message but her faith is unshaken. Vision and reality are so deftly blended that we too are half ready to accept the mysterious stranger as Nicholas II.

The Religion of the Primitive. By Alexander Le Roy. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Alexander Le Roy is Superior General of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. He was a pioneer in missionary work. He went to Africa in 1877 and stayed there for twenty years in a location which gave him the best opportunities for observation. He is at his best in the few passages where he relates his own experiences or observations. He has a vivid account of the ceremony of blood-brotherhood. In 1892 he was made the tribal brother of Fumba, the chief of the Kilima on the top of Kilimanjaro. The author is handicapped by certain beliefs. He says: "Assuredly the most stupid savage does not believe that the sun is really a man, the moon really a woman, stars really their children, the lightning a big bird, and thunder an animal." Here he is mistaken. The reviewer has talked with Sioux Indians who have actually seen the Thunder-bird. Human senses are very docile. They always observe what they are supposed to. It is the merit of Father Le Roy's book that it illustrates this same tendency. In spite of his keen scientific observation he concludes by indorsing Father Tanqueray's statement that "Primitive religion does not substantially differ from the Christian religion."

The Barb. By William J. McNally. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

"The Barb" may be viewed most happily as a manifestation of the literary awakening recently experienced by the State of Minnesota, whence Mr. McNally had his genesis. The scene is the State University; the theme is the self-discoveries and loves of the clever and knowing younger generation. As a novel, even as a first novel, "The Barb" is uneven in texture. The book is saddled with an incredible hero and an oversolemn "case" against the harmless snobbery of the prosperous peasant youth of the Middle West who form the backbone of the Greek letter fraternity system. Yet "The Barb" is neither dull nor inept. It is close-packed with shrewd and caustic observation, and it conveys the satisfaction which attaches to any representation of the truth, because it is obviously built out of the very stuff of life itself.

Essays and Miscellanies. By Joseph S. Auerbach. Volume III. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Here we have a lawyer gazing with bewilderment upon the piles of new books emerging from the presses, and proclaiming

the need of a court to decide which of them are valuable. His idea is of course not a new one, and it is one pretty definitely rejected by literary opinion in English-speaking countries. The noteworthy thing, however, is that we have a practicing attorney concerning himself with literary questions and appearing to possess some measure of critical insight. His style, both in his courtroom arguments and in his general essays, show signs of the spurious rhetoric which his profession inculcates. As to the author's verse, his apology for having written it is unnecessary. What need he had, though, to publish it is not clear.

Jean Jacques Rousseau. By Henri-Frédéric Amiel. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.

To all frock-coated and silk-hatted literary gentlemen who feel called upon to deliver phrase-laden commemorative addresses on the lives and works of men of letters, philosophers and historians, poets and musicians, we commend this discourse, delivered at Geneva, 1878, on the occasion of the festival commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of Rousseau's death. Within the compass of a brief, wide-margined volume we find in packed paragraphs that ring with the conviction and the sense of "a judgment of second instance," the dominant facts of Rousseau's career and philosophy and his private and public life; a statement of his errors and those of his critics, a summary of his influence in the revolution, in the shaping of pedagogical and sociological doctrine, and much besides. Amiel's sharply focused sentences are excellently rendered by the translator. Indeed, the virtue of the translation lies in one's sense that it cannot be merely a translation.

The Convalescents. By Charles F. Nirdlinger. The Century Company. \$1.75.

For one who has had hospital experience, Mr. Nirdlinger's book may prove of considerable interest; but for one who has not been so unfortunate—or, in this case, is it fortunate?—it will furnish rather tedious reading, for its chief merit consists in the thoroughness and the manifest understanding with which it depicts the details of hospital routine. Though the author provides documentary evidence that he knows what a hospital looks like from the inside, the book is too loosely knitted and sketchy to hold the average reader's attention.

Sons and Lovers. By D. H. Lawrence. The Modern Library. Boni and Liveright. 95 cents.

A book to represent D. H. Lawrence in the Modern Library was inevitable. A better choice than "Sons and Lovers" could scarcely have been made. It would be difficult to surrender all his poems, short stories, "The Rainbow," and "Sons and Lovers" for the sake of any one of them as a permanent possession. However, in the words of the introduction: "Sons and Lovers" reveals the range of his power. Here are combined and fused the hardest sort of 'realism' and almost lyric imagery and rhythm." It should serve to introduce to Lawrence those fortunate persons who have yet to discover his magic.

Greek Biology and Medicine. By Henry O. Taylor. Marshall Jones. \$1.50.

This little book of 130 odd pages is one of the library of Our Debt to Greece and Rome. It is the present fashion to find the beginnings of science, particularly medical science, within modern days, and within the memory of men now living. While this statement is true in many of the details, nevertheless the Greek tradition in biology and medicine has dominated productive thought and activity in biology and in medicine. The Hippocratic oath, which has once more come into use, is only one of the many examples of the continuity of the Greek tradition. The Hippocratic oath is certainly as applicable to the life of the modern physician as is the Constitution of the United States to present-day conditions.

International Relations Section

The Turkish Myth

By ARTHUR MOSS and FLORENCE GILLIAM

EVERYBODY is familiar with the wave of misinformation, misinterpretation, and actual falsification which swept the Allied countries during the recent World War. Now the pendulum has begun to swing and soon we may expect a settling back to normal, with a calm consideration of enemy countries as a mixture of good and bad elements like the rest of the world. But the consistent misinformation of the Western world with regard to Turkey has been of such long standing as to take its place among the inherent traditions and almost ineradicable beliefs of whole nations.

The few Westerners of importance who have tried to give faithful pictures of life in the Near East have been outnumbered to the extent of being smothered. Major General Harbord, sent officially to investigate conditions; H. G. Dwight, a former United States consular official and author of "Constantinople" and "Stamboul Nights"; Pierre Loti, the romantic lover of Turkish civilization; Anatole France, whose keen mind usually penetrates popular illusions; and H. G. Wells, in "The Outline of History," are members of the small group of Westerners who have defended Moslem civilization. When Lothrop Stoddard says: "Fourteen hundred years ago Islam rose and flooded the civilized world,"* he obviously regards the Mohammedan advance as a wave of barbarism sweeping to destruction the elements of a lofty Western civilization. A pretty theory upon which H. G. Wells has made the following comment: "If the reader entertains any delusions about a fine civilization, either Persian, Roman, Hellenic, or Egyptian, being submerged by this flood (the advance of Islam), the sooner he dismisses such ideas the better. Islam prevailed because it was the best social and political order the times could offer."† Anatole France goes him one better by declaring that "the most tragic day in history is that of the battle of Poitiers when in 732 the science, the art, and the civilization of Arabia fell back before the barbarism of the Frank."‡

The age-old charge against the Turks is of course the Armenian massacres. A journalist not long since tabulated the reports of these massacres in recent years and showed that they totaled thirty-five million slain. As the whole Armenian population is known never to have exceeded three million, there is obviously a case of falsification somewhere. The Bryce reports have been proved to be without tangible evidence and to have been based entirely on hearsay. It has been remarked that investigation in the villages where Turks were in the minority would have revealed just as many instances of Greeks and Bulgars massacring Turks. Indeed it is notable that the Greeks and Bulgars accuse each other of such atrocities much more than they accuse the Turks. The situation is of course the result of an age-long conflict between different peoples who have become almost inextricably mixed politically. Those massacres

which occur among the Armenians are most often the work of the Kurds, who are roving bands about as lawless as the mobs in parts of the American South, and about as out-of-hand politically as the *banditti* who infest parts of Italy and Spain.

Finally, there could be no more complete refutation of the long-perpetuated charges against Turkey than the behavior of the Turkish army during the recent offensive in Smyrna. All the events of this advance have been reported by British and American papers whose policy has been consistently anti-Turkish. When the victorious army entered the region, the Christian population, remembering the precedent of 1919 when the Greeks slaughtered 4,000 Moslems, began sending out panic-stricken appeals for protection, anticipating retaliation on the part of the Turks. And the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva sent to Angora a mild request that no reprisals be made for the Greek atrocities. A strange turn of phraseology: the League of Nations admitting Greek atrocities! Gradually it dawned upon the Christians in Smyrna and upon the Christian nations of Europe that no reprisals were to be made. But the retreating Greeks in complete demoralization behaved so badly that even the efficient British censorship could not stop the leaking of news. The pillaging and burning by the defeated Greek army grew to such proportions that it was difficult for Izmet Pasha to restrain his troops from retaliation. But restrain them he did, and his men behaved with such dignity and orderliness as to profoundly impress Western observers. (How different from the actions of our own marines in Haiti!) The first Turk troops to enter Smyrna were military police who prevented looting and did their best to still the panic among the hysterical Greek civilians. The correspondents of the *Chicago Tribune*, the *London Daily Mail*, and Reuter's stated emphatically that the unfortunate burning of the city was not in any way traceable to the Turks. In spite of these reports by correspondents who were on the spot and who have no reason to favor the Turkish cause, we still hear that the Turks burned Smyrna.

During the retreat, Reuter's correspondent was warned by Greek officers to leave Ouchak as that town was to be burned. I quote his dispatch from Smyrna: "The demoralization of the Greek troops was complete and the behavior of most of the Greek officers disgusting. On the retreat to Smyrna many Greek officers personally led the looting and pillaging."

But it remains for an American official, a man sent by a great relief organization to help succor the downtrodden Greeks and Armenians, to knock the last props from under the stupid edifice of lies and anti-Turk propaganda. Colonel Haskell of the American Red Cross has just returned from a tour of investigation in the Near East. Speaking officially he said: "America should feed the half million Turks whose hinterland was wilfully demolished by the retreating Greeks, instead of aiding the Greeks and Armenians who are sitting around waiting for America to give them their next meal. The stories of Turk atrocities circulated among American churches are a mess of lies. I believe that the Greeks and *not* the Turks are barbarians."

* *The New World of Islam*. † *Outline of History*, vol. II. ‡ *La Vie en Fleur*.

It has been pointed out that the past wars of Islam have been waged with the hope of plunder. How many nations have entered war without some such hope? And in Angora the desire was not for conquest but simply to regain Constantinople, a city that has been Turkish for 500 years and has at present a population which is predominantly Turkish. If wars of conquest are to be deprecated, what could have been a plainer scheme of aggrandizement than the last Greek expedition, materially fortified by the imperialistic policy of Lloyd George? The Greeks were deluded by a dream of regained Alexandrian Empire. It is as though Italy should suddenly demand the restitution of all the Roman provinces on the strength of her glorious past. Charles Saglio in *l'Œuvre*, Paris, commenting upon the statement of the British Government that the Turkish victory complicated matters in the Near East, said Mustapha Kemal had really rendered a great service to the Allies in driving the Greeks out of Smyrna, which was the most Turkish of all Turkish territory, and had thus largely cleared up the situation instead of confusing it.

In Turkey, all three main religions—Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Christianity—are on an equal footing; the numerically dominant one is completely divorced from the state. This will not mean any falling off in the followers of Mohammed, but merely that other religions are to have equal rights. A Catholic cannot go as far politically in secular America as a Christian can go in so-called theocratic Turkey. Turkey is no more Islam than Italy is Catholicism. There are rumors of a religious war. If it ever comes, it will not come from Turkey as a center but from the outside pressure of Arab tribes. Even under less enlightened rulers than the present government the Turks have been extraordinarily tolerant to other religions. During the 500 years of Turkish occupation of Jerusalem no religious shrine belonging to another people was molested. All sacred spots were open to visitors of the different faiths. And it may be noted in this connection that the inauguration of Allied control precipitated an immediate squabble of nations and sects concerning the guardianship of the holy places. It is not likely, either, that any Western nation would have allowed to Mohammedan missionaries extraterritorial rights such as have been enjoyed by the American College in Constantinople.

Turkey's greatest crime in modern times seems to have been her entrance into the war on the losing side. Most of our war records tell of the villainy of Enver Bey, but how many refer to Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, the Minister of War whom the Germanophiles of Turkey assassinated because he was doing his best to keep Turkey out of the conflict?

But whatever may be the merits of this case, the Treaty of Sèvres, August, 1920, was the last and greatest effort of the Christian Powers to divide Turkey as they have divided Austria, leaving the latter state to the mercies of international charity. In Turkey there was not the excuse of a heterogeneous population as in Austro-Hungary, the population of Turkey being 70 per cent Ottoman Turk and 85 per cent Moslem. The Treaty of Sèvres was an Anglo-French grab-scheme; its successor which is to be evolved from the proposals and counter-proposals initiated at Lausanne is likely to be little more.

It is almost impossible to grasp the revolutionary achievements of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, head of the Angora Government. Here is a man of forty, who in the course of a

few years has accomplished what would have been considered a task for 500 years, leaping from entirely unrepresentative governmental methods to really democratic ones. Many of the petty rulers of Turkey before the war were lazy rather than vicious. Turkey was a despairing country, sure of being attacked by European Powers whatever its policy. No one wanted to be really responsible for anything. Kemal has made sweeping changes in this respect. Suffrage is absolutely universal with no discrimination for race, color, creed, or sex. The harem system has long been outworn and economically impractical, and there is now an active Turkish Women's Party with at least as much influence as the National Woman's Party in America. (Kemal has recently been married to Latifeh Hanoum, one of the leaders of this party.)

The present Government is based on the village system. Each village elects representatives to a body which in turn elects district representatives. These form a council which votes for president. Mustapha Kemal is responsible to this council and trusts himself to a general election at least once a year; he has held office ever since the formation of the Angora Government. It is new for Turkey to have a ruler animated by statesmanlike intelligence and backed by popular support. Angora has recognized the independence of Armenia, Azerbaijan, the Hejaz, and Irak. These countries are more grateful to Angora for such recognition than they are to the Allied congress which made them independent states. Because of Mustapha Kemal's genius and honesty of purpose, and the ability and liberalism of the men associated with him in the new Turkish Government, the Moslem world presents an almost united front under the leadership of Turkey.

The Western world has just begun to realize the great difference between *Old Turks* and *Young Turks*. Mustapha Kemal's Government is endeavoring to prove by its every political move that the appropriate term of the hour is neither of these, but *New Turks*.

The Charges Against Tikhon

THE semi-official Russian Telegraph Agency, of London, made public on April 27 the following statement regarding the ex-Patriarch Tikhon, now awaiting trial in Moscow:

1. Before the war he was chairman of the Yaroslav "Union of Russian Men"—the notorious "Black Hundreds," the most reactionary organization in Czarist Russia, and the organizer of all the Jewish pogroms.

2. As early as January 19, 1918, Tikhon issued a public anathema against the Soviet Government, calling upon the faithful "not to enter into communications of any kind with such outcasts of the human race." He thus was directly inciting to rebellion against the government, at a moment when civil strife was at its height.

3. When, some time later, the Soviet troops were obliged to abandon Kiev to the advancing German army, Tikhon, in his circular of March 18, 1918, deliberately distorted the facts, representing the Soviet Government as consciously delivering "the shrines of the faithful into the hands of the oppressor." Again, on October 26, 1918, in a public address to the Council of People's Commissaries which received wide circulation, Tikhon accused the latter of being responsible for the food and fuel crises, in spite of the fact that the blockade and intervention, the White rebellions, and internal sabotage were already in full swing. These acts of Tikhon represented a deliberate inter-

vention in political affairs for the obvious purpose of stirring up the people against the government.

4. From the beginning of the civil war Tikhon was in direct communication with every White rebel leader against the Soviet Government. He was constantly in touch with the ecclesiastical leaders of the counter-revolution in the south (in the armies of Denikin and Krasnov), Hrapovitsky and Mitrofan, Archbishop of Novochoerkassk. In August, 1918, Tikhon got into touch with Hetman Skoropadski, the White dictator for the Ukraine appointed by the Germans, and gave his blessing to his work, "although the Hetman is not yet Tsar," to use Tikhon's expression. In the spring of 1918 Tikhon was visited by Count de Chevilly and René Marchand, representing the French Consul General in Moscow, and was informed by them of the plans for military intervention against the Soviet Government on the part of the Allies. He gave them his blessing. In 1918 and 1919 Tikhon negotiated with the chief secret counter-revolutionary organizations, the so-called "Tactical Center" and "National Center," and gave them his benediction.

5. When the decrees of the Soviet Government proclaiming the separation of the church from the state, and of the schools from the church, were published, Tikhon had organized special groups to fight the decrees, issuing detailed instructions as to the methods of bringing the faithful into the struggle against the government's laws. As a result, serious disorders occurred in a number of places. It is noteworthy that, under the Czarist regime, when practically all Christian denominations but the Orthodox were more or less oppressed, Tikhon did not consider it necessary to organize any agitation in defense of the Christian faith.

6. When the Soviet Government undertook a campaign of exposure of the so-called "imperishable relics," i.e., the bodies of the saints of the Orthodox Church which were alleged to be in a perfect state of preservation on account of their sanctity, Tikhon issued a special secret circular to every diocese on the necessity of seeing that all relics were in order, taking out the wadding, pillows, wax, and other materials with which it was the custom to give the relics the appearance of perfectly preserved bodies. At the same time he addressed a letter to the chairman of the Council of People's Commissaries, Lenin, threatening to arouse the faithful against the government if the campaign proceeded.

7. When a special monarchist and reactionary clerical congress assembled at Carlowitz, in Serbia, to consider the best methods of utilizing the famine of 1921 against the Soviet Government, Tikhon sent it his blessing in an autograph letter.

8. Finally, in 1922, as is well known, Tikhon issued a circular enjoining active resistance to the soviet decree for the confiscation of superfluous church treasures, in the interests of the starving millions on the Volga. Disorders took place in several localities, with loss of life as a result. It was later established by experts in canon law that Tikhon had deliberately falsified the canons to justify his appeal to the populace to break the laws of the state.

It thus becomes clear that Tikhon is no martyr; but merely a reactionary ecclesiastic of the type familiar in the Middle Ages, at the time when the western states were carrying out the disestablishment or disendowment of the Roman Catholic Church. He abused the privileged position accorded him under the complete freedom of conscience prevailing in the Soviet Republic to engage in political intrigue and conspiracy. It is for these offenses that he is awaiting trial, and not on account of any fancied "persecution of religion" on the part of the Soviet Government. It would be a novel and startling assertion that a priest who has committed such offenses is entitled to any more consideration in the eyes of the law than a layman; but those who are most active in the present campaign against Russia carefully refrain from making the assertion in so many words, although they continually imply it in their agitation.

New Railroads in Mexico

WORK has begun on a railroad line which will unite Mexicali, capital of Lower California, with the port of San Felipe. This line will be 400 kilometers long, at a cost of 12,000,000 pesos, which will be taken from the treasuries of the federal and state governments. It is calculated that within three years the line will be completed.

This line will be one of the important railroads in Mexico, due to the fact that in Lower California, besides cotton and the famous pearl fisheries, there are petroleum, rich mines, and even gold beds.

It is likely that during the month of October the first branch, from Mexicali to La Bomba, a river port situated at the mouth of the Colorado River, a distance of 75 kilometers, will be open for traffic. This branch will bring great benefits, because from La Bomba it will be possible to distribute the cotton crop which the Imperial Valley produces throughout the rest of the country; it is now almost entirely exported abroad.

Within a short time the construction of a railroad line in the state of Guanajuato will also be under way, which will unite Silao with Manuel Doblado.

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY W. NEVINSON is a veteran English correspondent, formerly a regular contributor to the *London Nation*.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON is the author of a number of books on the theater.

M. R. STONE, as civil engineer, helped to lay the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad across northern Idaho.

ARTHUR MOSS and FLORENCE GILLIAM are editors of *Gargoyle*, a monthly magazine published by Americans in Paris.



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